

CURRENT OPINION

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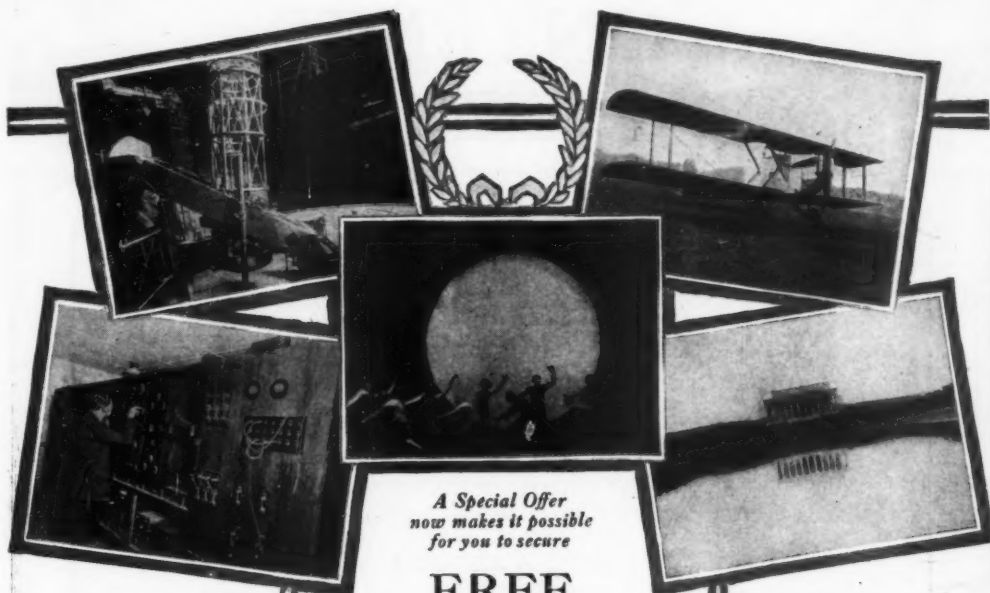
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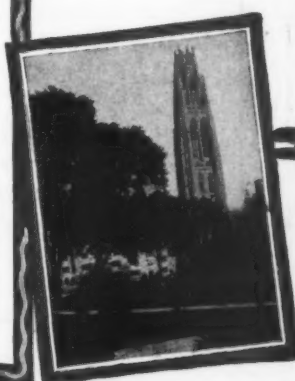
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ETERNAL EASTER

By DR. FRANK CRANE

AROUND eighteen hundred and ninety-two years ago was the first Easter. It filled men with strange new hopes and was for them a symbol of a renewed world.

The world, however, was not renewed. All of those hopes seemed to end in disaster. There has been a uniform record of failure.

As every man individually is born to die and end in disaster, so it seems that every plan for the amelioration of humanity is born to droop and fail.

Yet somehow these plans go on. Somehow the institutions they create survive.

Somehow the hope of the world is just as bright to-day as it was two thousand years ago.

In fact, we have more hopes now than we had then. The crop is much larger. We think the ground beneath us is much surer.

What has been done? Gladiatorial games have been stopped, slavery abolished throughout Christendom, and private wars are no longer undertaken. All these things died a natural death, just as do all diseases.

Easter stands for the eternities and the hope of the human race.

If we fail in one direction we shall succeed in another. This is true of individuals and of society.

An optimist has been described as one who sees opportunity in every disaster, and a pessimist as one who sees disaster in every opportunity.

As the world grows older and successive Easters arrive, humanity has more hope. We have more hope of establishing justice now than ever before. We have more hope of ending war. We have more hope of the family. The stock of hope grows wider and wider.

When each Easter comes it looks forth upon a world still rolling forward toward the ideals of Jesus.

He died, but He has risen again in innumerable hearts and lives.

Every generation sees a better and a brighter world. And so on it shall go until the time shall come when these times shall be looked back upon as barbaric.

In one sense Easter is the most significant festival of the Christian Church. It stands for the rising again of all good enterprises that failed.

It stands for the fact that no good is ever allowed to fail by the powers of the universe. It stands for the over-ruling providence of God which brings success out of every failure.

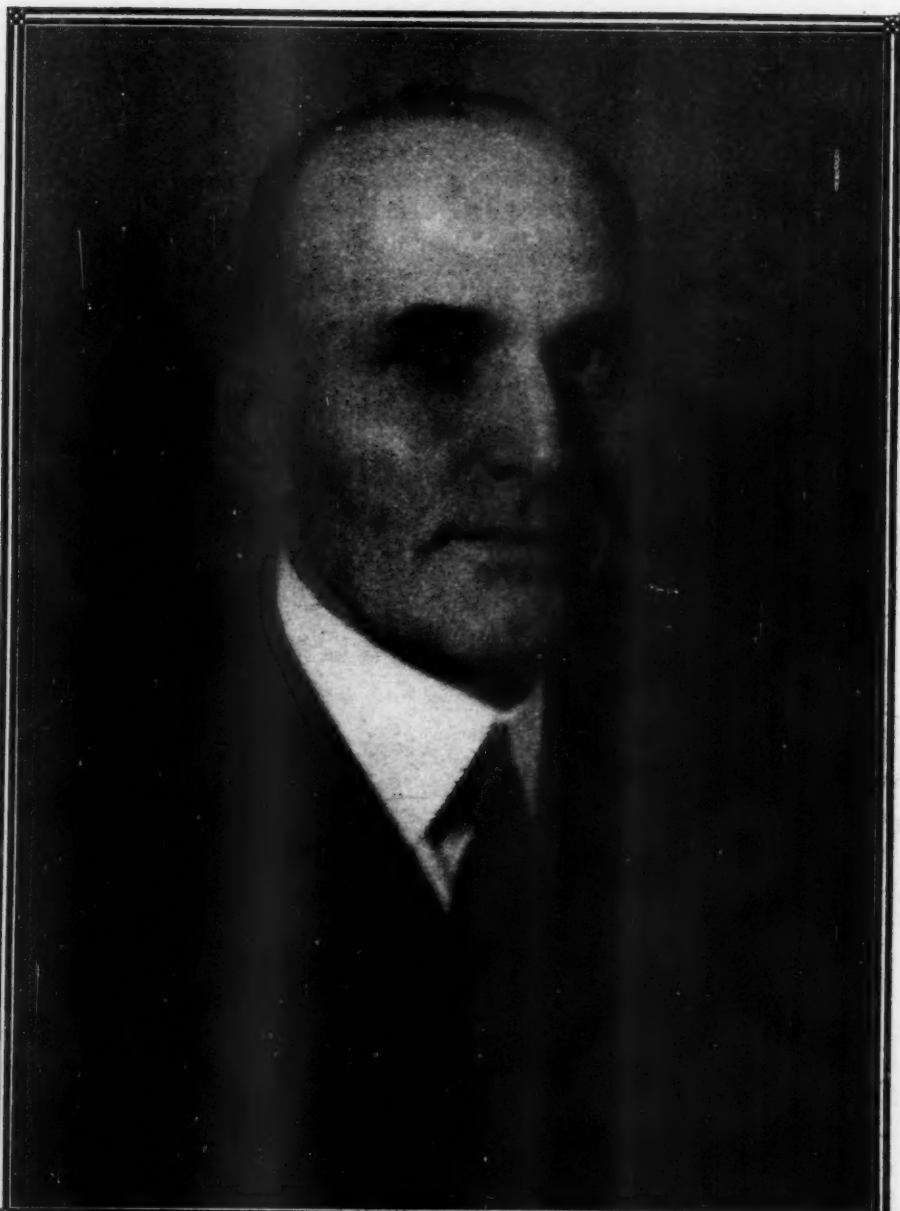
As every spring brings again the summer which blooms after the deadness of winter, so every year there blow again the blooms of human hope.

CURRENT OPINION



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OVERLOOKING JERUSALEM, AS DID THE SAVIOR 1892 YEARS AGO
View from the Russian belfry on the Mount of Olives at Eastertide. In the center
of the city below appears the Dome of the Rock, above the Mosque of Omar.



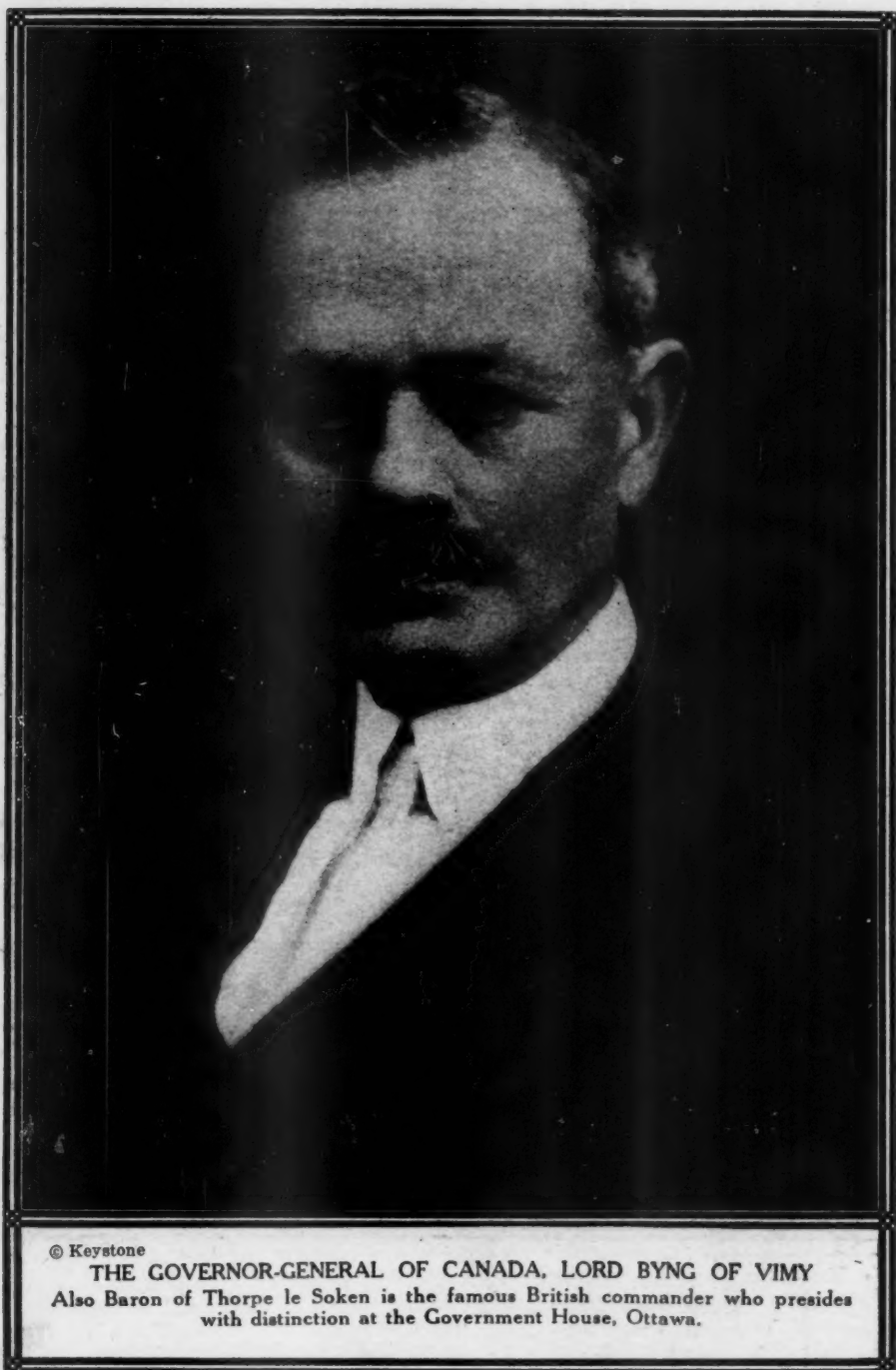
© Harris & Ewing

KANSAS SENDS HER FIRST CABINET MEMBER TO WASHINGTON
Dr. W. M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture, was a cowpuncher 26 years ago,
and lately was head of the Kansas State Agricultural College.



© Kadel & Herbert

"OUR ONLY FLYING GENERAL" BRAVES THE WRATH OF BUREAUCRATS
Demoted, Colonel Mitchell pleads that patriotic motives have inspired his criticism of the American fighting air force which, incidentally, he calls a "joke."



© Keystone

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, LORD BYNG OF VIMY

Also Baron of Thorpe le Soken is the famous British commander who presides with distinction at the Government House, Ottawa.



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NEW ITALIAN AMBASSADOR SAYS "ITALY PAYS WHAT SHE OWES"

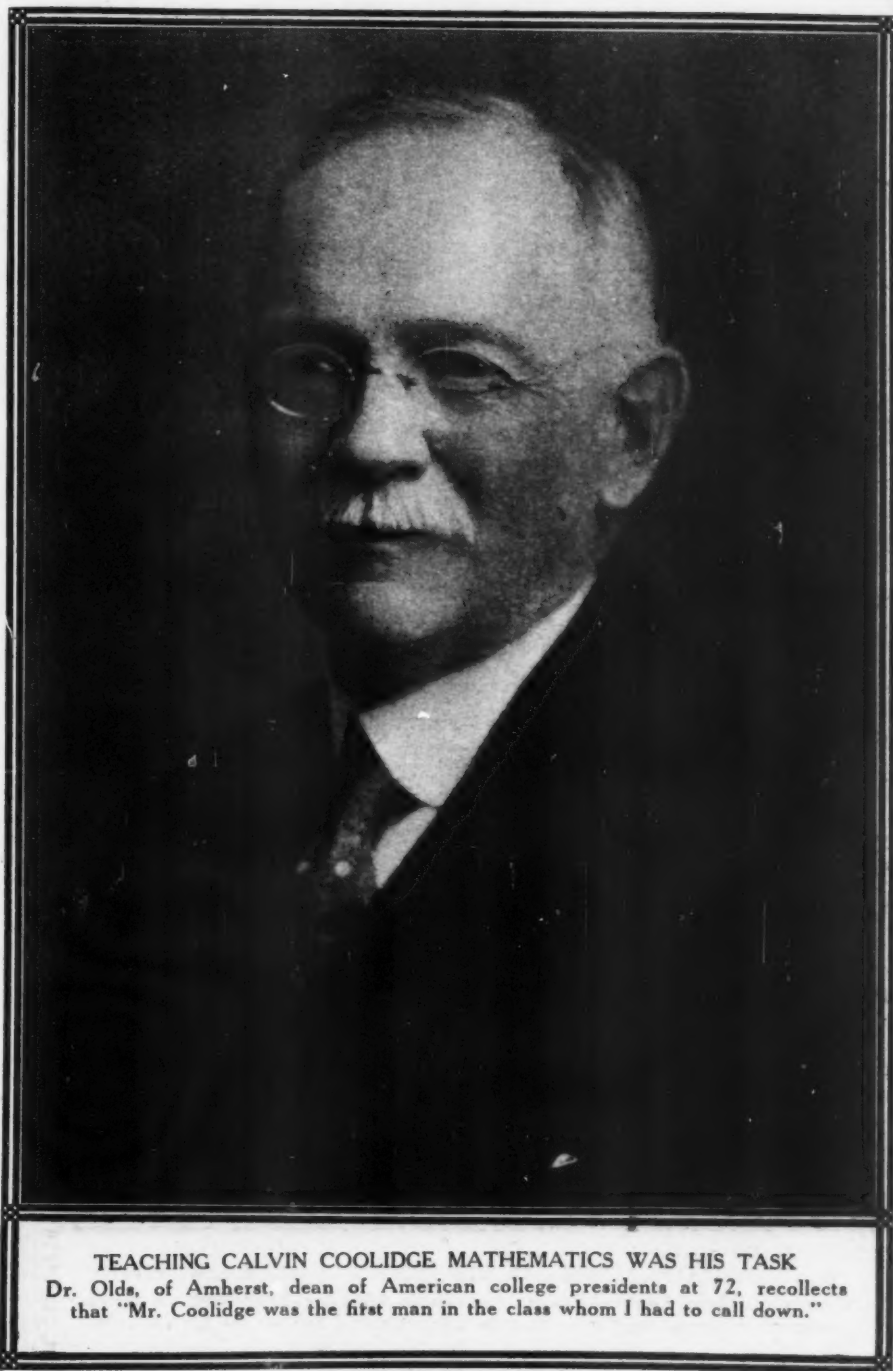
Baron de Martino graduates to Washington from London, Constantinople, Berlin and Tokio, to handle "the important and complex debt question."



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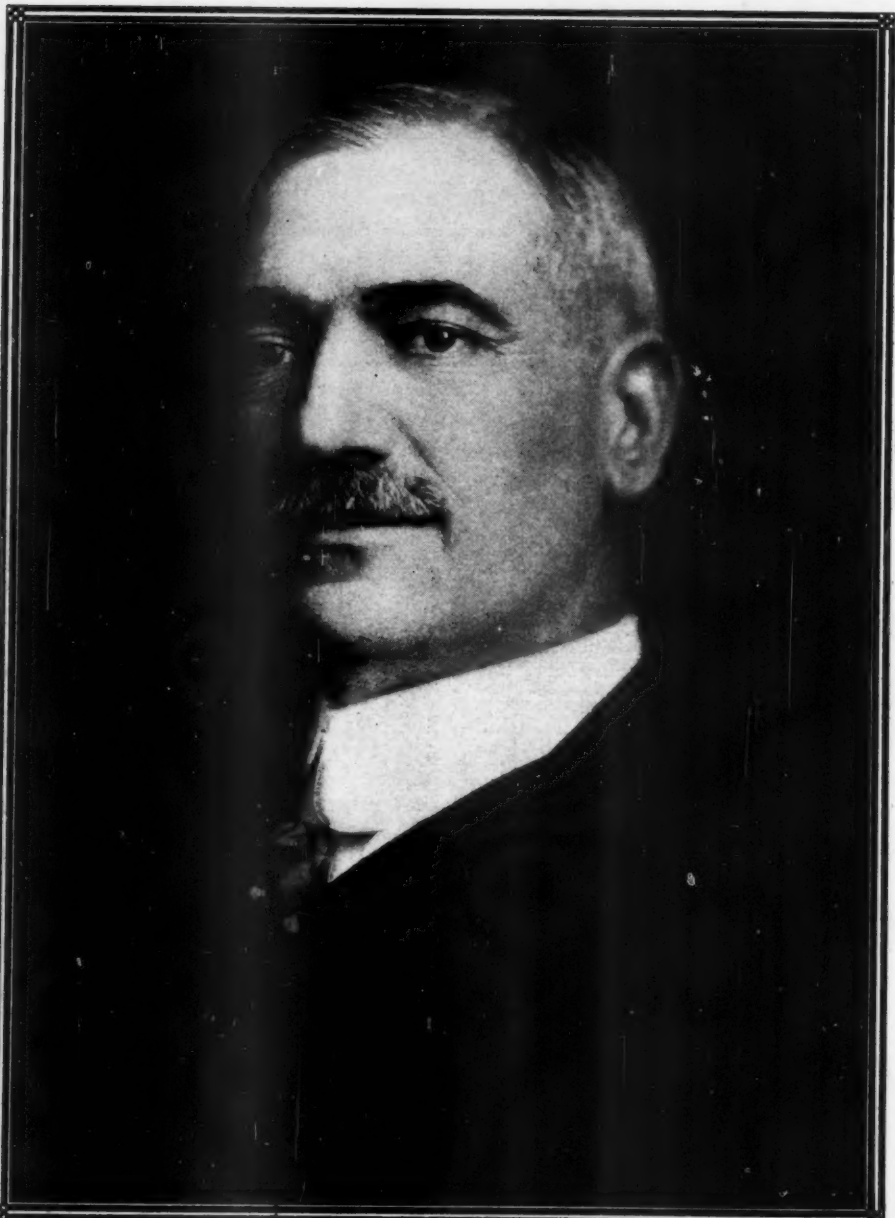
"WHY, THAT'S A BIG JOB; DO YOU THINK I COULD SWING IT?"

So George A. Parks, Colorado mining engineer, asked the General Land Office Commissioner on learning of his appointment as Governor of Alaska.



TEACHING CALVIN COOLIDGE MATHEMATICS WAS HIS TASK

Dr. Olds, of Amherst, dean of American college presidents at 72, recalls that "Mr. Coolidge was the first man in the class whom I had to call down."



© Wide World

MAJORITY FLOOR LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Congressman John Quillen Tilson, succeeding Nicholas Longworth, is a Tennessean representing Connecticut in Congress and has no use for radicals.

The Current of Opinion

Coolidge Spurring a Bronco Congress

WHEN Calvin Coolidge delivered his inaugural message on that early March afternoon touched with the warmth of Spring, editorial voices were raised in a national chorus announcing the advent of an era of good feeling and political confidence. The old Congress had expired, and the old order of wrangling blocs was thought to be dead.

Within a week the Senate had refused to confirm the President's nominee for Attorney-General; Senator Borah had made a vigorous, though vain, effort to prevent the disciplining of the radicals who had played traitor to the party in the last election; and Secretary Mellon, one of the President's staunchest aides, had suffered a bitter and grave onslaught for his administration of income-tax payments. Thus the era of good feeling gave way quickly to a renewal of factional strife, and clouds descended upon the serene horizon of the new Administration.

Not since 1868, in the time of Andrew Johnson, had any Senate rebuffed a President by blackballing his Cabinet nominee. That the tie vote of 40 to 40 might have been broken in favor of Charles B. Warren had the Vice-President been occupying the chair, hardly mitigates the harsh fact: the new Senate, like the old, contains enough dissident elements to threaten White House leadership. Coolidge may have the support of the country, but not even the last election gave him the docile support of Congress.

By re-nominating Warren and, without consultation, defiantly promising to offer the Michigan lawyer

a recess appointment in the event of a second rebuff at the hands of the Senate, the President showed his determination to come to grips with his enemies. He insists on his right to name his own cabinet; the Senate insists equally on its right to pass upon the appointees. The one victim, in this case, seems to be Warren, whose reputation serves as battlefield for the conflicting forces.

Because of his connections with the sugar interests, six Republican Senators—Borah, Couzens, Johnson of California, McMaster, Norbeck, Norris—voted against Warren. Now that the extreme radicals—Brookhart, Ladd and Frazier, not to speak of La Follette—have been cast into outer darkness, these six may be regarded as the left wing of the Republican forces in the Senate, the men upon whose doubtful allegiance the Administration must depend for the enactment of its legislative program. Occasionally this nucleus of six may be joined by others with non-conformist leanings, such as Howell, Schall and Means.

The grave significance of Borah's stand cannot be gainsaid. After hobnobbing with the President on the *Mayflower* and at the White House for months, the influential Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee remains as obdurate as ever in maintaining his political individuality. Coolidge knows that so far as the Mellon tax-plan goes, it must win out next winter or not for years. Already the 1926 elections are looming ahead, with the probability that senatorial seats gained in the exceptional Harding sweep of 1920 will be lost to Democrats. If the left wing of the Republican party prove refractory in December, the Coolidge victory of last November will have proved futile.

In his inaugural message the President declared that party affilia-



HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

—From Life.

tion connotes party responsibility; he expects men elected as Republicans to vote as Republicans. Desiring to consolidate the party machine, the Republican Senators a few days later deprived Brookhart, Ladd and Frazier, as well as La Follette, of their committee holdings, relegating them to the tail end of appointments. In the House the Committee on Committees announced its intention of expelling Frear, the Michigan radical, from his important post on the Finance Committee, and hinted that this was only a sample of what is to come.

That this policy is reasonable would seem difficult to dispute. The radicals in question did their utmost last Fall to defeat Coolidge. Had they succeeded, who can doubt that they would have demanded a reward, in the shape of preferred committee appointments, from the victorious Democrats? If they com-

plain now that they are not treated generously, they are naively expecting politics to be played so that "heads I win, tails you lose." Nevertheless, Senator Borah and eight other Republicans opposed the disciplining of Brookhart, Ladd and Frazier as unwise and unfair. They appealed for tolerance and for considerate treatment of the Republican voters who elected the men in question. With what seems exaggerated fear, they predicted that casting forth the extreme radicals into outer darkness would bring nemesis some day to the Republican party.

The plight of the outcasts, indeed, is not enviable. On Saturday, February 21, La Follette's third party gave its last gasp in Chicago. Neither La Follette nor Wheeler was at the bedside. At a perfunctory conference in that city, the three big groups of La Follette supporters—the railroad brotherhoods, the socialists, and the American Federation of Labor—dissolved the political bonds that had for a time united them. This leaves La Follette with only his Michigan machine behind them, and it leaves Brookhart, Ladd and Frazier on the fence.

Meanwhile, Senator Couzens of Michigan has renewed his onslaught on the Treasury Department. His committee investigating the internal revenue department has broadcast the discovery that the Secretary of the Treasury occasionally lops off millions of dollars from income-tax bills at his own discretion. The Couzens report loses in effectiveness

because of the manifest animus against Secretary Mellon which inspires it; and the chief corporation instance cited is defended by Mr. Mellon on the ground that the taxpayer was insolvent and the best settlement possible was negotiated. At the same time, it is startling to learn that discretionary power of such magnitude, which might easily lend itself to gross abuse, resides with any Government official.

No other member of the Coolidge Cabinet has been subjected to such ceaseless attack as Secretary Mellon. To cite only recent instances, before he took his seat on the Supreme Court Bench, Attorney-General Stone instituted proceedings against an alleged combine in the aluminum industry, in which the Mellon family has large interests. About the same time old charges, without new evidence, were revived that duplicate bonds had been printed and redeemed by the Treasury Department with consequent loss to the Government. Finally, a bill for some \$10,000,000 in back taxes sent to Couzens is alleged by the Michigan Senator to be the revengeful work of Treasury officials.



Dawes Draws a Pop-Gun on the Senate

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES provided an unexpected element of comic relief in the solemn inaugural ceremonies. Before galleries jammed with a brilliant gathering of distinguished Americans and foreign dignitaries, and in the presence of the President and the Chief Justice, the irrepressible *enfant terrible* of the Republican party, instead of delivering the colorless salutatory that is customary upon assuming office, proceeded to scold "the most august legislative body in the world" like a schoolmaster. He denounced the Senate rule which permits filibustering as "subversive to the fundamental principles of free government." He shouted; he stamped; he shook his finger at his audience and waved his arm in air. He shocked, amused and amazed his hearers.

Later, when it was incumbent upon the Vice-President to summon



WALKING THE PLANK
—Halladay in Providence Journal.



new members of the Senate to the bar for the administration of their oath, Dawes indicated with a gesture of impatience that he could not be bothered with trifles and abruptly declared a recess. And when the session re-convened, the presiding officer could not be found.

A few newspapers have condemned the Dawes exhibition as clownish, but the weight of opinion has sustained him. Any effort to prick the bubble of senatorial complacency and self-importance meets to-day with general sympathy. But whether we can expect a reform of Senate rules is another matter.

The Vice-President in his capacity of presiding officer is merely a functionary; he votes only to break a tie. He controls no political patronage, so that he possesses no lever of indirect influence. The Senate makes its own rules; he can merely enforce them. Dawes has given offense to a body made up largely of pompous and hard-boiled politi-

cians, with a scattering of able and sincere men. Where he might have gained headway by kindness, he has closed the door to negotiations by harshness.

Filibustering has a long history in American legislatures. Our law-making bodies have always been reluctant to impose upon themselves arbitrary rules limiting debate. The House of Representatives, after obstruction had become a menace to all business, adopted a closure rule in 1890. The Senate now operates under a mild closure restriction: whenever sixteen Senators sign a motion for shortening debate and two-thirds vote for it, no Senator can speak thereafter for more than one hour.

This rule leaves the door open for some six days of debate, and it does nothing to relieve filibustering at the end of the session, when it is most effective.

That filibustering is a grotesque abuse of democratic principles, everyone concedes. But all Senators regard it with affection as an ever-present last refuge from measures they regard, through selfish or unselfish motives, as odious. Furthermore, it can with fairness be maintained that filibustering has killed as many bad bills as good ones, and its bitterest enemies change from time to time, according to the precise issue affected. The abolition of filibustering would increase the number of laws, good and bad, on our statute books; it would give increased power to the machine happening to control the Senate; it would help silence irregulars. But more than a revision of parliamentary rules is needed to raise the intellectual level of Congress and the political standards of the country.

The Coolidge Gospel of Economy

ASIDE from an earnest appeal for the World Court, President Coolidge's inaugural address was chiefly distinguished by his characteristic, and at the same time strikingly phrased, defense of economy. The homely common sense of the New Englander rings in words like these:

"The men and women of this country who toil are the ones who bear the cost of the Government. Every dollar that we carelessly waste means that their life will be so much the more meager. Every dollar that we prudently save means that their life will be so much the more abundant. . . . The collection of any taxes not absolutely required, which do not beyond reasonable doubt contribute to the public welfare, is only a species of legalized larceny."

And again:

"I am opposed to extremely high rates of taxation because they produce little or no revenue, because they are bad for the country, and finally because they are wrong. We cannot finance the Government, we cannot improve social conditions, through any system of injustice, even if we inflict it on the rich. This country believes in prosperity. It is absurd to suppose that it is envious of those already prosperous. The wise and correct course to follow in taxation and all other economic legislation is not to destroy those who have already secured success but to create conditions under which every one will have a better chance to be successful."

Poor Richard himself might have written these passages in the Coolidge document. But it is fair to ask how much they really mean, how far the Quixotic figure of "Honest Cal" charging on his electric hobby horse the Demons of Extravagance will get. He consented

to sign the bill passed by Congress granting the members thereof a \$2,500 increase in pay, though the passage of the measure was attended by a scandal that echoed through the country. He signed a postal bill that gave postmen a flat increase in pay, though he had previously vetoed a similar provision on the ground, among others, that it did not distinguish between the needs of postal employees in different parts of the country. In the last days of the session he signed a dozen other measures opening little leaks in the Treasury which the press did not even have time to enumerate.

As for Washington hotel men and merchants, the austerity of the inauguration ceremonies disgusted them for all time with Government economy, and they laugh at the pica-yune savings of erasers and hand towels reported in the White House. In the West the *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver) observes: "Practical politicians are wondering whether the White House may not be going too far in its thrift policy



"HAW-HAW!"
—From *Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

for the need of the times. It is a far cry back to dear old Ben Franklin. What was all right for the eighteenth century may not be all right for the twentieth. . . . For practical purposes and for safety first's sake, an electric horse is all right, but out this way people will think back to Rooseveltian days and those instantaneous photos of a President clearing a five-foot fence, and wonder whether we are having too much New-Englandism."

Suppose the Coolidge economy maxims should spread beyond the sphere of Government and invade the every-day life of the people. What a screech would come from all the hosts of manufacturers and salesmen whose twentieth-century gospel of life is based on the assumption that civilization consists in making people buy till it hurts!



Omens of Another Peace Parley Are Rife

THE Protocol of the League of Nations is dead; long live some other Protocol of Peace, possibly to be signed at Washington. At the time of writing, there has been no formal pronouncement on the subject from President Coolidge, but Foreign Secretary Chamberlain, in Geneva, has left no doubt where the British government stands.

The failure of the League may be interpreted in two ways. Either it means that the world is settling down in the old sad way to the inevitable prospect of "the next war." Or it only means that the world is finding it difficult, as did the United States after 1776, to put her ideal into words. The framing of the American Constitution was a task that greatly perplexed the Colonists. And to-day it is evident that, in some respects, their handiwork, sound and solid as it was in the main, needs to be amended. It is

thus no wonder that a Constitution for mankind gives mankind some headaches.

Wherein lies the present perplexity? Here is the United States refusing to accept certain clauses in the Covenant, of which clause X is the keystone. Here are Canada and other British Dominions refusing to ratify any save a general interpretation of those clauses. Here is Ramsay MacDonald, as British Prime Minister, turning down a certain Treaty of Mutual Guarantee which dots the i's and crosses the t's of those clauses. And here is Austen Chamberlain, who succeeded Ramsay MacDonald at the Foreign Office, in his turn, vetoing the protocol which, in other words with the same significance, also italicized the aforesaid clauses. What is the snag within this situation which thus changes but is ever the same? The answer is simple. The question—reduced to its essentials—is no more and no less than this—shall the New World guarantee the territorial frontiers of the Old World? And if so, on what terms? This is what matters. This is all that matters. And the New World answers in the negative.

At Paris, Clemenceau challenged the issue by forcing on President Wilson and Lloyd George a tripartite treaty, making the United States and Britain responsible for the Franco-German frontier. The treaty was signed; at Washington, however, its ratification by the Senate was not seriously discussed. With the lapse of the Protocol, France is seeking to force on Britain alone and her Dominions the same liability. And Austen Chamberlain, like Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald before him, is discovering that, however persuasive are the arguments of Paris, here is a dotted line to which the British Empire declines to affix what would be her rubber-stamp. Apart from any other factor in the case, we have the fundamental question whether such

a guarantee to France would not include an actual or implied acceptance of France's military treaties with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia.

Amid these discussions, Europe drifts. Not only has President Ebert died in Germany, but Hjalmar Branting, the first Socialist Prime Minister of Sweden and one of the most helpful of the League's statesmen, has also left this stage. In Czecho-Slovakia, too, President Masaryk is now venerable, and his right-hand man, Edward Benes, who drew up the Protocol, has become involved in quarrels over the Church and the recognition of Russia. It is said that he will seek tranquillity away from Prague, as Ambassador in Paris. These personal changes weaken the initiative of Geneva.

Britain (including her Cabinet) is divided among three opinions. There are Francophiles who would, here and now, sign a defensive alliance with France. It does not look as if they are strong enough to carry the day against British instincts of caution, backed by the hostility of the Dominions. Another group frankly favors "pulling out of Europe" and reducing commitments there to an absolute minimum. It may come to that. But there is a third party or opinion which would include France, Britain, Germany and, of course, Belgium in one treaty. In other words, the guarantee would be double-edged. It would safeguard Germany against French aggression and it would safeguard France against German aggression.

This new form of territorial agreement is under discussion. And here again France blocks the way. She insists on occupying the Rhine. Yet she refuses to permit publication of the report upon the misdeeds of Germany which alone justifies the occupation. Germany, arguing unanswerably that she cannot be condemned legally on charges of militarism which have never been



THE DAILY WORKOUT
—Orr in Chicago Tribune.

published, retaliates by declining to negotiate with Paris a commercial treaty for the arrangement of tariffs, especially as they affect Alsace-Lorraine. Germany also refuses to sign the Opium Convention unless she is given a seat on the Central Board of Control.

It is no longer possible to defend the French attitude. With 60 per cent. of her revenue required for interest on her internal debt, alone, she maintains a vast army on the plea that Germany is preparing for war; and then she proceeds with measures against Germany which are calculated to result in that very calamity. Owing money to the United States and Britain, she next threatens Britain with a vast aerial arsenal at Cherbourg, to be developed out of the very financial resources which, legally and equitably, should be devoted to the repayment of debt. And, on the top of this, France has again approached New York—this time vainly—for a loan with which to support her franc, finance her military campaign against England and balance her Budget. And Germany, on her side,

though beaten in the war and declared to be the guilty party, emerges with a sound finance, a surplus, a substantial trade and the prestige of meeting her foreign obligations.

Out of this situation, there has developed the hope that another Washington Conference be held. It is in a saner atmosphere than exists in Europe for the preservation of peace. Not that Paris is wholly blind to the inevitabilities which accumulate around her. She has forgiven Caillaux. She may make him Dictator. And if wizardry can find money, Caillaux will do it.

□ □

Fur Flies in Air vs. Sea-Power Attack

WHEN in 1890 Admiral Mahan presented to the world his epoch-making interpretation of history based on the control of the sea lanes, he little foresaw that in another generation men might hold air-power to have super-

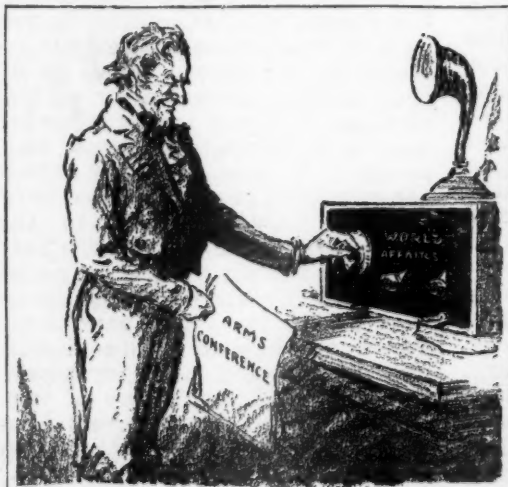
seded fleets and naval bases. Yet this, in brief, is the full purport of the heated controversy in which Brig.-General, now Colonel, Mitchell has been the central figure.

"Billy" Mitchell, assistant chief in the air service, careless of his own career and irreverent toward his superiors, has incurred the hatred of all regular navy men by contending that the navy is obsolete. He holds the battleship to be at the mercy of airplanes; he would have the United States bank on air fleets for national protection; he demands that the air service be accorded co-ordinate status with the army and navy. Admiral Sims agrees with him that anti-air craft guns are ineffective, and that without control of the air the United States could not win against a first-rate power.

The Administration has demoted Mitchell by failing to re-appoint him as assistant chief of the air service. He must not be regarded as a martyr, however, as the Administration is well within its rights in insisting that high officials should hold views compatible with the Government's policies. Furthermore, it is customary for officers to serve in rotation in staff positions. Mitchell will still be able to continue his agitation.

Meanwhile his savage attack on the sluggish conservatism of his superiors and colleagues has not demolished the arguments against him. On February 18, the General Board of the Navy presented to President Coolidge the frankest examination of the relative merits of 'planes and ships that has ever been published; and the verdict is in favor of the battleship.

This report dismisses dirigibles as too vulnerable to serve as fighting units. It sets forth the limitations on other air craft: they cannot operate from territory not



TUNING IN
—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

controlled by their own fleet or army; they cannot operate with bombs further than 250 miles from their base; they cannot occupy territory or control the sea; they are dependent upon services of supply furnished by other branches of the service. The army operating on land and the navy on sea can maintain themselves for prolonged periods, but the air service must always depend directly upon one or the other. Thus the airplane is by its very nature a dependent arm of defense, and will so remain. With armored decks and the latest anti-aircraft guns, battleships are fairly safe, it is contended by the orthodox experts, from air menace.

In contiguous countries like France and Germany, the menace of airplane bombardment to cities is infinitely greater than the menace to the United States, 3,000 miles away from any other first-rate power, can ever be. Cities offer a large target for bombers; at sea, the airplane has either to descend so low that anti-aircraft guns can do effective work, or has to fly so high that a zigzagging vessel is almost impossible to hit. A sixteen-inch projectile travels 12,000 feet in five seconds; a bomb dropped from that height falls in 28 seconds, which gives a battleship time to travel 1,000 feet. The latest anti-aircraft gun sends 14 50-pound five-inch shells to a height of 28,500 feet every minute. It is true that the anti-aircraft guns in the World War were almost a complete failure, but navy men of the conservative school believe that the improvements since then have rendered them genuinely effective.

Such is the testimony of the orthodox specialists; and it is significant that Great Britain, where the same controversy was keen some years ago, has come to the same conclusions. In the heat of controversy, Mitchell offered to sink an abandoned battleship while the rest of the



A BETTER RAZOR NEEDED

—From Montreal Star.

navy concentrated all its guns on his plane; and Secretary Wilbur came back with an offer to stand the while on the deck of the condemned vessel. Where the right lies neither the public nor the experts can really know, any more than what developments the future will bring. This debate, as the *Manchester (Eng.) Guardian* says, "will be settled only by war, which makes one hope that it never will be settled."

Meanwhile, the American fleet is proceeding to stage a simulated attack on the Hawaiian Islands, where the "blue" forces are expected to vanquish the "black" defenders on April 15. Afterwards, the entire fleet will cruise into southern seas, visiting New Zealand and Australia. This trip will be the longest that the navy has made since the 'round-the-world cruise under Roosevelt in 1908. Across the Pacific, Japan, involved in internal difficulties, is regarding these major maneuvers with scarcely concealed misgivings.



A Halt Called on Stone Mountain

DISTRESS over the dispute which has halted work on Stone Mountain is not confined to the South. Perhaps never has an artist conceived a more grandiose monument than Gutzon Borglum's plan to carve an army on the granite face of the gigantic cliff some twenty miles east of Atlanta. The project has stirred the imagination of the nation. Strictly, its object is to commemorate the lost cause of the Confederacy. But the passage of the years has made the gallantry and hopeless courage of Lee an integral part of the nation's great traditions; and Borglum was even able to induce the Federal Government, which Lee had done his best to destroy, to mint a special series of half-dollars engraved with the face of the great rebel. These were soon to have been distributed through the Stone Mountain Association at a premium, the profits to be devoted to the monumental task which Borglum was directing.

Already work had started on the

central group, where the mounted figure of Lee, in bold relief, was to stand 140 feet high. For 900 feet on either side, in relief growing ever fainter so as to suggest distance and numbers, were to stretch the ranks of the Army in Gray, marching from right to left. Vast as was the area to be carved, it bore but a proper proportion to the sheer mountain side that stretched another 400 feet above and 200 feet beneath.

Borglum's dismissal, and the interchange of abuse between him and the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, now threaten to disrupt the entire project. If the work were left as it is, the scant beginning would only commemorate a noble conception unrealized. If it were entrusted to inferior hands, they might botch the mountain side, to the eternal shame of the South and the nation. Whether a great sculptor under the circumstances would consent to take up the work where Borglum leaves it, is doubtful. The country would be relieved if Borglum and the Association would consent to sink their personal differences in deference to the inspiring task before them.

□ □

Germany Anxiously Seeks a New President

NO man, so we are told, is indispensable, but if ever in history there were a man difficult to replace, it is President Ebert of Germany, whose sudden death is a calamity, at once to the peace of Europe and to the republic of which he had come to be the mainstay. This saddler's apprentice of Heidelberg, as once he was, had been for six years or more the successor of the All Highest Hohenzollern, in which office he had beaten off the militarist putsches of Kapp and Ludendorff, the royalism of Bavaria and the Communism of Saxony.

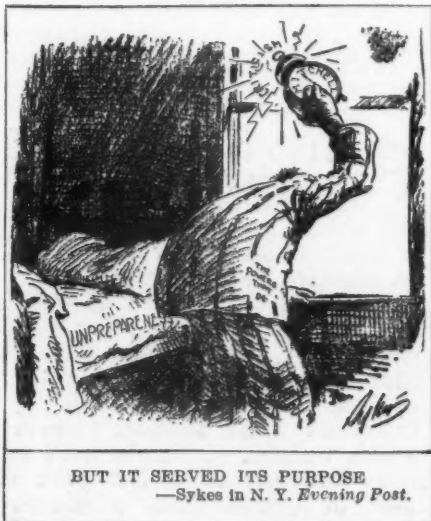
While one Chancellor succeeded another, and groups in the Reichstag changed like a kaleidoscope, Ebert sat steady in his palace, forming new governments when old governments fell apart and ever defending the Constitution against the extremists who wished to smash it. They who scoffed at his table manners soon discovered that, like his table talk, they were beyond reproach. And the demeanor of his son as a reporter on the press, as of his daughter, a typist, silenced criticism. At the Presidential Mansion, the son received no "special information," nor, when he married, was he assisted, during the house famine, in obtaining a preferred home. And the daughter declined a day off to see her father inaugurated, because, she said, he would not have liked it. As for Ebert himself, when the outlook was dark for Germany, he proposed that his salary should be reduced by one half.

Hence this plain good man, whose name was Friedrich, came to be called "unser Fritz." He has won the affection once bestowed on the Emperor Frederick, who also died untimely. And no Hohenzollern was ever laid to rest amid scenes of sor-



row more genuinely national. In Berlin, the funeral was attended by a million. In Heidelberg, where is Ebert's birthplace, a little two-story dwelling with three rooms, considerably smaller than Lincoln's log-cabin, the very students dropped their hurrah-patriotism and followed the dead President to the tomb where he rests with Bunsen and other German dignitaries. Though a freethinker, the late President was ushered into the unknown with Lutheran prayers, and his grave is watched by a stone crucifix, with the carved Redeemer thereon displayed.

To rid themselves of Ebert has been the objective of the royalists. When treason failed, they tried libel, alleging that Ebert betrayed Germany during the war by stirring up strikes. And now that disease has removed the obstacle to a restoration of the monarchy, the plotters are again busy. As interim President, the Reichstag has elected Dr. Walther Simons—formerly Foreign Minister—who is merely a stop-gap until the real election is held.



BUT IT SERVED ITS PURPOSE
—Sykes in N. Y. Evening Post.



Scheduled for March 29, if no candidate then obtains a majority, a second election will be held on April 26.

The Right is now solidly royalist. "The question of the monarchy," Chancellor Luther himself declares, "is more real than it has been since the foundation of the Republic." And the Kaiser, who is silent on Ebert's death, demands, not only a restoration of his own throne but of the Czardom also in Russia. On the former Emperor's birthday, there were favorable demonstrations. And in Prussia, which state is still the chief cornerstone of the Reich, Prime Minister Marx, formerly Chancellor, has been defeated by yunker opponents of the Republic. "Kaiserless times are frightful times," cries Count Westarp, in a typical speech; "we must realize that the only way for us to free ourselves from this miserable slavery is to return to what made us powerful—monarchy, Kaiser and Empire." In a suit to obtain possession of his

Prussian lands, wrested from him during the revolution, the Kaiser has won a legal victory. That also is a straw which shows how some of the wind is blowing.

If the Socialists would join with other Republicans to support the candidature of ex-Chancellor Marx, the position would be safer. But in face of the united royalists, the extreme Left has broken away from the center and is running Otto Braun, formerly Prime Minister in Prussia. This splits the Republican vote and greatly improves the prospect of Jarres, Mayor of Duisburg in the Rhineland, and formerly Minister of the Interior, who is the candidate of all the parties on the Right. The Socialists justify their action by arguing that, at the first poll, none anyway will obtain the absolute majority required. Hence—so they calculate—they will be able to close the ranks later for a final test.

It is a risky game to play. In France, under somewhat similar circumstances, a certain Napoleon got himself elected Prince President of the Republic and by a subsequent coup d'état was declared the Emperor Napoleon III.

□ □

"Reforming" the House of Lords

FINDING themselves in power, the Tory Die-Hards wish to make hay in England while the sun shines and restore the House of Lords to its former authority, as an effective Second Chamber. It is not that, at the moment, they have any practical use for "the gilded chamber." Their Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, controls the House of Commons; and he is unlikely to introduce those Radical measures which furnish viscounts with victims for their veto. But even the best of Conservative administra-

tions cannot last forever. Some day the nation will grow tired of doing nothing as nothing ought to be done. A Liberal—even a Labor—Government will sweep the country. And then what will happen to the bishops, the brewers, the bankers, the landlords, the capitalists, the Empire, marriage and foxhounds? To preserve old England as old England always was, there is needed an obstacle to change, when change is threatened. That breakwater should be a second chamber, and for such a function, the House of Lords, as constituted, is useless. Indeed, since commerce was ennobled, it is not always ornamental.

What the Die-Hards yearn for is the American Senate—a small compact body of elder statesmen—who will stand no argument or other nonsense, but will carve finance, guillotine ambassadors, make mincemeat of treaties, filibuster bills into oblivion, and generally reduce the insolent evolution of mankind to an obstacle race.

But the trouble is that, whereas the Senate is small and elected, the House of Lords is large and hereditary. The irreverent thus inquire whether it is right for the Duke of Wellington to overrule Ramsay MacDonald merely because his remote and possibly collateral ancestor won the Battle of Waterloo. If then the House of Lords is to be rendered efficient, it will have to be purged of "the backwoodsmen." As one "reformer" of the aristocracy expressed it, "some of us, my lords, will have to go." Now although few peers attend their own debates, no peer likes to be told that he is unfit to attend. And the hope of "a strong second chamber" is thus deferred, decade by decade, to a more convenient season. Besides, what will the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, the hammer of the House of Lords before the war, say about it, now that, like so many other Liberals, he has been welded into the anvil?

Russia, Minus Trotzky, a Bureaucratic Babel

IN Russia, Trotzky is now definitely eliminated. Not only has he been dropped from the War Council, where Frunze succeeds him, but his papers have been confiscated, and he has been expelled from the Council of Labor and Defense. He is still a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, but his reelection this month is not anticipated. He appears really to have left Moscow for southern Russia, and while it is said that he has been offered the Ambassadorship to Japan, he does not appear to have accepted this post of diplomatic exile, which would reduce his influence—like that of Krassin in Paris—to nil. All officials friendly to Trotzky are being weeded out. And reports which ought to be re-



"BESIDES, I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO
YOUR CUSTOMERS!"

—Sykes in N. Y. Evening Post.

liable say that his serious ill-health is no pretense.

For the moment, then, the situation in Russia is simplified. But the mere disappearance of Trotzky has not ended the discontents which he voiced. According to official statistics, the Communist Party contains 699,686 members—this out of a population of 120 to 130 millions. No fewer than 330,253 of the Communists—or about one half—are candidates, or to put the matter plainly, office-seekers. It is no wonder, then, that the peasants who never have been "good Communists" demand a real representative system. "Press spies" report any deviation from Communism in the villages, and in revenge the villagers murder these unwelcome neighbors with characteristic savagery. Even Zinovieff—the fanatic of Communism—admits that "the party must gain the good-will of the peasants, because nothing can save us if the peasants feel the slightest coolness towards us when the enemy strikes." And Stalin, denying that there is "happiness" in the villages, pleads for "the closest unity with the peasants." In certain quarters it is considered to be quite probable that Zinovieff, having ousted Trotzky, will find that he is made the next scapegoat. His embittered propaganda outside Russia has been fatal to Bolshevik diplomacy, and therefore to Bolshevik attempts to borrow money from foreign governments and bankers.

When the Soviet Republic last had to face a crisis like this, it turned the anger of the people from its own commissars to the clergy. And there was an organized wave of anti-clericalism. To-day, the weapons of revolution are sharpened, not against the clergy but against the landlords. Anyone who looks in the least like a squire is to be harried like a dog. The decree is for "eviction of all former landowners—without exception."

Kemalism Totters in Turkey

FROM Turkey, there is serious news. For the first time, Kemal's "republic" is threatened from within. As long as he was driving Christians out of Asia Minor, his position was unassailable. And as a conqueror, his prestige enabled him to abolish the Sultan as a temporal sovereign and even to suppress the Caliph as the spiritual head of Islam.

That, however, was only one half of Kemal's program. What he hoped to do was to create a modern Turkey, in which polygamy would be declared illegal, and women walk about unveiled, and children go to schools, conducted on the American plan. Robert College, Constantinople, is filled with Moslem students whose training is far removed from the strange curriculum of Saladin's university of El Azhar in Egypt. These young men may not call themselves Christians. Their symbol may be the Crescent, not the Cross. But they join in the public worship of the College and learn whatever religion is taught to their Christian fellow students.

This kind of thing looks hopeful enough to us. But it has led to a grave reaction. The Kurds, in the mountains, who have been used by the Turks for centuries as their skilled agents in the massacre of Armenians, are asking who next is to be killed in the name of the Prophet. They have no wish to adopt western ideas of home and marriage and education. They want to go on living in the good old way. And in General Kiazim Karbekir Pasha they have found a leader, under whom they have gained considerable military success. And, at Angora, the Cabinet of Fethi Bey has resigned—Ismet Pasha, who represented Turkey at Lausanne, is now Prime Minister.

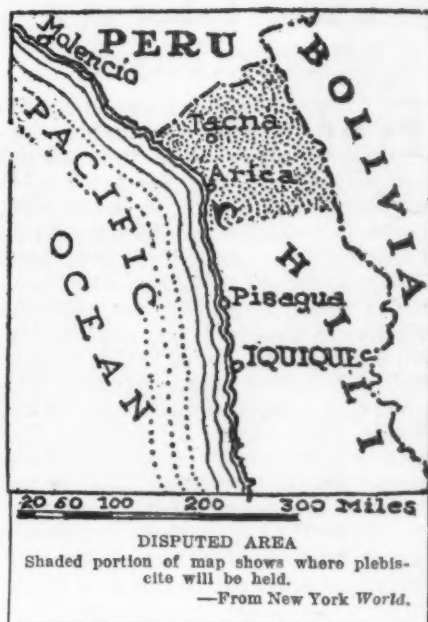
Prince Selim, a son of Abdul Hamid—the former Sultan who was deposed by the Young Turks—has been declared King of Kurdistan, and the insurgents would like to see him in his father's palace at Constantinople — where once more would be a Sultan and a Caliph. These complications arise just when the Turks are quarreling with Greece over the Patriarch in Constantinople and with Britain over oil in Mosul. We shall thus see what real solidity there is in the boasted "westernization" of Turkey. The Kurds regard that process much as the Fundamentalists of Philadelphia regard the Modernists of New York. They declare bluntly that Kemal is an infidel who has destroyed the faith—in fact, a kind of Fosdick!

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Chile and Peru Bury the Hatchet

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has delivered his verdict to Chile and Peru over the disputed territories of Tacna and Arica—the Alsace-Lorraine of the New World. In terms, the verdict appears to favor Peru. In fact, it is likely to perpetuate the occupation of the provinces by Chile. It was in 1884 that Chile, as a result of successful war, wrested the provinces from her neighbor.

By the Treaty of Peace then signed, there was to be, ten years later, a plebiscite of the inhabitants in the area which would decide the final possession of the territory. That plebiscite was to be based on a protocol to be negotiated when the time came—that is, in 1894—and such a protocol was actually discussed. The winner was to pay the loser a sum of money—either 10,000,000 Chilean dollars or 10,000,000 Peruvian soles, of the same weight and fineness of metal; and all appeared to be in



order. But Chile was in possession. And possession is nine points of the law.

Somehow, agreement over the protocol could not be reached. And, without the protocol, no plebiscite could be held. The Treaty, in every substantial sense, was repudiated.

For years, the dissension has dragged on. Chile has treated the provinces as her own. A generation has grown up under her flag. And if to-day she agrees to the plebiscite, it may be because she is assured that she can win it. Her ethics have been subtle. But she is supported by a firm appreciation of her own superiority over Peru as a Latin-American republic.

The verdict in favor of a plebiscite, under terms supervised by an arbitration commission, has been greeted with joyful festivities throughout Chile. In Peru, on the other hand, though official statements express satisfaction with the terms, unofficial dispatches describe indignation meetings.

British Labor in a Cobra Mood

B RITISH Labor, stunned by defeat, is now recovering consciousness. And the "official opposition," feeling its bruises, is rent by controversy. To begin with, there is criticism of Ramsay MacDonald. "Undoubtedly," says Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of his Chancellor of the Exchequer, "we were the victims of the worst political leadership of modern times." The former Prime Minister was, she says, "the man who took too much on himself." When challenged to justify this severe judgment, Mrs. Snowden declared that she said it because she believed it to be true! And "undoubtedly," as Mrs. Snowden would put it, neither MacDonald nor anybody else could act for long as Prime

Minister and as Foreign Secretary without something giving way. It means full work for at least two men. Still, home truths are apt to be unpleasant.

Snowden and MacDonald, even if they differ, belong however to the same wing of the party. They are Pacifists who disapproved of the war, but they are moderates. The real split in the party is due to the Glasgow Socialists. Matters have been brought to a crisis by an attack in the House of Commons on the Prince of Wales. Last year, the Prince was to have visited South Africa. But the program had to be postponed owing to the general election which displaced Smuts by Herzog as Prime Minister. This year, therefore, the Prince will fulfill his engagement, calling also at St. Helena, where Napoleon died; and thence proceeding to South America

where already he has accepted invitations from Uruguay and the Argentine. An appropriation had to be made to cover the cost of the battleship—H. M. S. *Repulse*—which is commissioned for the Prince's tour. And on this vote in the House of Commons there arose a heated debate. David Kirkwood, one of Labor's firebrands, declared that the government was making "a clown" of the Prince, by "trotting him all around the world"; and Shapurji Saklatvala, and independent Communist member from India, described the king as "the royal knob at the head of the British Empire." This language by individuals would not have mattered so much, perhaps, if only individuals had supported it in the lobby. But on a division, Kirkwood was backed by 90 Labor members or two-thirds of the party. And MacDonald, with Henderson and other colleagues, who had approved



FOUL WEATHER FRIENDS

[It was at the joint request of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George that the Prime Minister granted a day to discuss the new Government plan for the safeguarding of industries.]

—Ravenhill in London Punch.

the Prince's proposed tour last year, found themselves as leaders, voting in loneliness among the Conservatives.

The question of party discipline was then raised. And Kirkwood threw a bombshell by declaring that he had only acted at the request of the Executive of the Labor Party, communicated to him by a former Cabinet Minister. This Minister is identified as John Wheatley, of Glasgow, who wishes to oust MacDonald from the leadership and to take his place. Wheatley is backed by Labor's only important newspaper, *The Daily Herald*.

Throughout the trade-unions the struggle is raging. A strike among electricians in London has for a while stopped elevators running, and Buckingham and St. James's Palaces themselves have been picketed. A more serious movement is manifest on railways, where the men had demanded increases of wages amounting to 130 million dollars a year. The companies have retorted by proposing reductions amounting to 30 million dollars. The extremists are arguing that Parliament, consisting of Conservatives, is no use and that a general strike must be organized, to include the miners, the railway men and the transport workers—in other words, "the Triple Alliance" of which so much has been heard during the last dozen years. "This is a class war," cries David Kirkwood in the House of Commons, "and it's going to begin in every class in Britain."

The Conservative Government sees clearly enough that trouble lies ahead. Many Conservatives favor a measure which would release trade-unionists from the obligation to contribute through their dues to the political war chest of the Labor Party. It is certainly anomalous



THE CAUTIOUS CHAMPION

[The Lady—A Depressed British Industry. The Dragon—Foreign Competition. The Knight—Sir Stanley-the-Safeguarder.]

THE LADY: "Help!"

THE KNIGHT: "Before I draw my trusty blade in your defence I must satisfy myself that your situation is sufficiently precarious to warrant my intervention. Be good enough therefore to furnish me with full and exact particulars of your necessity."

THE LADY: "Help! Help!!"

—Partridge in *London Punch*.

that a worker cannot pursue his calling unless he subscribes weekly to an organization against which, at elections, he often casts his vote. But the Cabinet, even supported as it is by an overwhelming majority in both Houses at Westminster, has not dared to raise this issue by approving legislation. The government could secure the statute suggested—it would be quite easy to do that. But Labor might retaliate by direct action—that is, by strikes.

The Labor moderates are being treated by the near-Communists exactly as they themselves treated the Liberals in past years. And the Liberals are actively reorganizing their party. Precisely what success will attend them in their up-hill task, time will show.

Listening In

A Broadcast of Significant Sayings

THE more Nature dwells on her own horror and ugliness, the more pessimists she produces to underline her failures and waste and cruelty, the more certain she is to provoke those reactions of the will that turn her failures into success and her ugliness into a garment of praise. By thus helping us to know the worst, she is helping us to do the best.—*L. P. Jacks, editor of the Hibbert Journal, and Christian philosopher.*

WHAT does the Christian character or balanced life mean? It is this: faith without credulity, charity without condescension, courage without pugnacity, self-respect without vanity, humility without obsequiousness, love of humanity without sentimentality, and meekness with power. — *Charles Evans Hughes.*

RUSSIA has been thrown in her lot with the yellow races. She is pushing them on to world mastery. France is behind the black race and proposes to swamp Europe with Negroes. There remain great Britain and America who alone are upholding the white race against the black and yellow. The conflict of the future looms ahead. Where shall my Germany stand?—*William Hohenzollern, who still speaks of Germany as his personal property and indulges in the soured reflections natural to fallen politicians.*

THE cause of free speech is the cause of man. Truth is born of open discussion. Every censor is, consciously or unconsciously, the enemy of mankind. A beneficial censorship is a contradiction in terms.—*Edward F. McSweeney, Chairman of the Historical Commission of the Knights of Columbus.*

LAWS are like the currency—the more one has the less the value.—*Charles Franklin Thwing, President emeritus of Western Reserve University.*

THE dirty plays on the American stage to-day are no influence: they are an effect. They hold the mirror up to Nature in more than that they reflect the street woman and the roughneck dough-boy as they are. They are what they are, because audiences are what they are, and taking down the mirror will not remove the brutal desire which looks out of the time's inflamed eyes.—*Samuel Strauss, editor of "The Villager," his own private forum.*

BEFORE people had any heart-filling sense that America was beautiful, she was recognized under many other aspects. For the Spanish explorers she was El Dorado, rich in gold, jewels and spices. She was Christ's Kingdom for the Pilgrims. For the Adamses, for Washington, she was Republican Rome restored, and stocked with Plutarchian heroes. For English and French Revolutionists at the end of the eighteenth century, she was Utopia, Arcady, and the Garden of Eden. For one chorus she is the land of the free and the home of the brave. For another, she is the land of slaves and yokels and Babbitts. America refuses to be put; she is constantly being discovered and lost again.—*Stuart P. Sherman, panegyrist of American traditions.*

H. M. S. BRITAIN carries a passenger list, including stowaways, of 45,000,000, and owing to the peculiarities of her construction there never are more than six weeks' supplies of consumable stores on board her at one time. The balance must come by ship, and if the shipping did not come, a fortnight would de-

liver all on board to panic indescribable, and three months would see them embarked on the gallant adventure of cannibalism. Naturally, these conditions do not trouble the passengers aboard her any more than the sight of the sea worries the passengers on your floating palaces. But every once in a while something happens to make it plain that if you can tie up a nation's transport you can take her off your books.—*Rudyard Kipling.*

IT is a strange commentary on modern civilization that many people require a whole amusement-park full of contraptions to jerk them upside down in order to get any fun out of life.—*Stacy Aumonier, English short-story writer.*

THE grave need of our century is not material but philosophical. Wealth has multiplied. What are we to do with it? Life has been lengthened. But what for? A civilization, to be healthy, must have a goal. We require to-day, not a Thomas Alva Edison nor a Henry Ford, but a Buddha, a Confucius, a Plato—some godlike philosopher able to take our scattered, glowing stones and rear them into a vast and luminous tower, rising to heaven, toward which all men's eyes shall be turned.—*Robert L. Duffus, novelist and liberal journalist.*

A MAN has jest naturally got to have something to cuss around and boss, so's to keep himself from finding out he don't amount to nothing.—*Attributed to the Old Soak by his creator, Don Marquis.*

AS soon as art ceases to be a rarity it loses its value. Suppose everybody, for instance, were beautiful; why, then, nobody would be so considered, and nobody would need to be. A thousand Venus de Milos would not be esteemed; a thousand Rembrandts would mean only a thousand common places.—*George Moore, aesthetic connoisseur.*

WE are witnessing in Europe the collapse of the French Revolution. That Revolution made every citizen a soldier and every man a politician. The tremendous expansion of modern industry has forced the people to concentrate themselves upon production, leaving them little time for the rites and doctrines of democracy. Politics is becoming merely a branch of administration. We are coming to run our public business in the same way that we make matches, or light our streets at night.—*Pío Baroja, Spanish novelist, contemplating the autocracy of his own government after a century of experimentation with democratic institutions.*

MY inspiration for my acting was derived from the whole pageantry of life. The character I portray is a symbol, a satire on humanity.—*Charles Chaplin, movie comedian, testifying in a suit against another actor accused of imitating him.*

IT is time to challenge the assumption that any people possesses an inalienable right to dispose of that portion of the earth's surface which it occupies. We Americans, of all nations, who hold our land not by right of primitive squatter-sovereignty, but by power to subdue and create, should be immune to such sophistry. The fact that in the aimless wanderings of the race a savage tribe has pitched

its wigwags on a diamond field or a coal mine, whose existence it has not guessed and whose use it does not understand, gives no rational claim to exclusive possession. Egypt does not belong to the Egyptians; no, nor America to Americans. Both belong to the world, and tenant rights are based on world interest and convenience. The weak, the ignorant, and slothful races cannot expect to remain undisturbed in their habitat. It is much that they

IN some ways, though not in others, Protestantism is further from Galilee than even Roman Catholicism. The Gospel, that is, Christ's teaching, is unworldly, disenchanted, ascetic; it treats ecclesiastical establishments with tolerant contempt; it regards prosperity as a danger, earthly ties as a burden, Sabbaths as a superstition; it is democratic; it loves contemplation, poverty and solitude; it meets sinners with sympathy, but puritans with biting scorn. Protestantism, on the other hand, is convinced of the importance of success; it abominates what is disreputable; contemplation seems to it idleness, solitude selfishness, and poverty a sort of dishonorable punishment. It lacks the notes of humility, disillusion and detachment. It is the religion of a healthy child, with pure but unchastened energies.—*Dean Inge, England's foremost publicist-preacher.*

are allowed to remain at all, a concession due rather to the humanity of their betters than to their own right.—*H. H. Powers, journalistic apologist for imperialism.*

THERE may be a thousand natural reasons why we dislike this or that type of human being—the commonest being that he works while we sleep. Rather than acknowledge this, we invent a "scientific theory" to justify ourselves. The one which attributes all virtues to a so-called Nordic race whose most nearly pure representatives are about the dullest, least creative and interesting folk on earth, and whose record is merely nugatory, is becoming a menace to mankind.—*"Lens," the scientific editor of "The New Statesman."*

King George V.

Why Britain Is Anxious About Her Health-Seeking Sovereign

KING GEORGE V. has had a sharp touch of "the grip," with bronchitis added and a hint of trouble on the lungs. And suddenly, the world has been awakened to the fact that Britain has a sovereign on the throne as well as a Prince of Wales on tour. If the doctors are uneasy, there is a reason. It was influenza that proved too much for their patient's grandfather, the Prince Consort; for his father, King Edward; and for his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence; all of whom died of a cough. And King George's heart has been heavily strained by incessant work.

And it now occurs to the newspapers that this man, who is never interviewed, whose opinions are never stated to the public, whose feelings are never advertised, has been on duty for fifteen years without taking a holiday. He is firmly ordered to the south of France and the Mediterranean where, for the first time, he will cruise in his yacht, the *Britannia*, which, hitherto, has been kept out of commission for the sake of economy. Wherever he has taken a vacation, hitherto, the routine of monarchy has followed him. The letters have had to be answered. The decisions, innumerable and often unimportant, have had to be given. But for a few weeks, at any rate, "even kings"—as George Rex puts it—"must obey." No correspondence, however urgent, and no function, however elaborate, is worth this man's life; and it is the doctors who are in command. The king must give up, for the time being, even his smoking.

The result is that, for once, King George enters the limelight. And men are beginning to realize how much he has achieved by an unassuming personality. Trained as a sailor, he has known how to weather the most terrific hurricane that has ever assailed the British Throne. There was not only the cloudburst of war. It was

war waged within the royal family itself. The Kaiser and Czar were alike the King's first cousins. So were the unpopular Constantine of Greece and his wife, Sophy, the Kaiser's sister. There were German princes who, because of their relations with the British Crown, held seats as peers in the House of Lords. And they were fighting for the Central Powers against the Allies. Prince Louis of Battenberg, born a German and British by naturalization, was actually First Sea Lord when war broke out. And on the eve of hostilities, Prince Henry of Prussia had been the King's guest in Buckingham Palace. It had always been so. For two hundred years, the British sovereigns had belonged to the House of Hanover and had talked German, sometimes as their only language and usually as well as they could talk English. By blood, they belonged to the race which, in the fury of conflict, the British denounced as Huns. Around the Court, there thus gathered at once all the indefinable suspicion of espionage which was felt also in every home near a strategic point of the coast.

Then came revolution. Monarchs, friendly as the Czar—who, in physique and face, resembled King George—unfriendly as the Kaiser, and conciliatory as the luckless Emperor Karl of Austria-Hungary, were hurled to the dust. Constantine became ridiculous in his Byzantine obstinacy. And even in Britain people realized that thrones may vanish from view in a night. This, too, was at a period when the King himself lacked at once the overwhelming prestige which accumulated around the person of Queen Victoria, and the expansive popularity which, in King Edward, covered a multitude of sins. King George had never pretended to such distinction. A younger brother, he had stepped into the heritage of the Duke of Clarence. He had married the Princess May who had

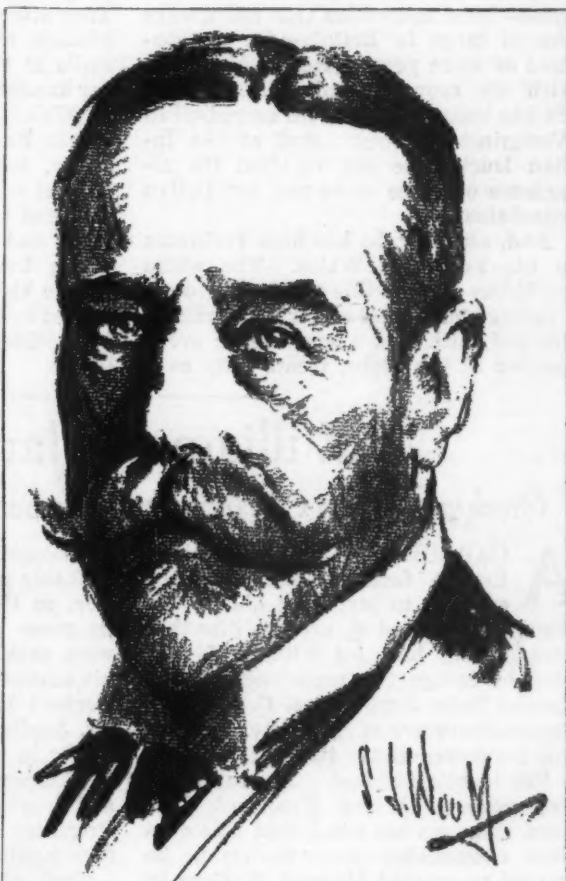
been the Duke's affianced bride. As husband, as father, as churchman, he lived a plain life of duty, fulfilled day by day, and for the most part uninteresting.

When the crash came, King George, for a time, abdicated. He left everything, great and small, to his ministers, and so gave nobody the least pretext for suggesting that he was interfering with the conduct of the war. It was in Lord Kitchener's name that the armies were recruited, and it was the navy of Beattie and Jellicoe that swept the North Sea. Then, there began to be a drastic reorganization of the Royal Family. The House of Hanover was called the House of Windsor. The Battenbergs became the Mountbattens. Serene Highnesses were transformed into Earls and Marquesses. And the flags of the Kaiser and other enemy monarchs, who had been created Knights of the Garter, disappeared from the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Princes and princesses in Britain were no longer told that they must marry the royal blood of Europe. Like the Duke of York, they were encouraged to seek their mates in the families of the more ancient British aristocracy. The Throne ceased to belong to an international League of Thrones. For the first time since the Norman Conquest it became, distinctively and exclusively, insular.

King George was well fitted to accomplish this metamorphosis. Edward had been a citizen of Europe—as well-known in Paris as in London. George never cared for the continent. He liked the Dominions. His simple domestic-

ity suits the social standards of Australia, Canada and South Africa. Among colonials he feels at home. In the Old World he might be thus insular. But throughout the New Worlds he was, for this reason, more "imperial" even than his predecessors. The foundations of his throne were laid afresh, not in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Hesse-Darmstadt, but in Ontario, New South Wales and at the Cape.

King George is thus the man who has



Drawn for CURRENT OPINION

A MONARCH WHOSE SUCCESS IS NOT DUE
TO BRILLIANCY

That King George V., threatened with lung trouble and ordered to the Mediterranean, is beloved by the plain people of England is shown by their anxiety over his health.

pulled through. He now emerges with all the glamor of success. Where a more brilliant monarch might have failed, he has won the waiting game. By two circumstances he has been assisted. First, he has had the steady publicity which always accompanies a King and Emperor. On every postage stamp, on every minted coin, on every treasury note and warrant for an old-age pension, King George's head is engraved. Every day, his Court Circular appears in the press. He thus embodies the monarchical institution that has always loomed large in Britain—for a thousand or more years. He has been seen with his crown, opening Parliament. He has been anointed with sacred oil in Westminster Abbey. And at the Indian Durbar he has received the allegiance of three score and ten Indian potentates.

And, secondly, he has been fortunate in his Prince of Wales. The whole world has enjoyed this contrast between a father and mother of severely ordered life and faith, and a son who, in every quarter of the globe, treats duty as a

pleasure and pleasure as a duty. The popularity of the Prince has been a detail all the more piquant because, in some respects, the King has not approved of his program.

By the common people King George is beloved. He belongs, as they know, frankly and persistently, to the middle class—in which respect, if, in no other, he resembles King George III., who dined regularly of roast beef and called himself a farmer. The smart set have no great love, however, for the Court. They attend Drawing Rooms and Levees because they must attend. But they smile at the way Queen Mary dressed her daughter, and agree with the Prince of Wales that jazz should be permitted in Buckingham Palace. They are angry, too, because the King did not quarrel with the Liberal Party over the House of Lords, with Ireland over Home Rule, and with Labor over Socialism. These butterflies of society do not realize that, if King George had been guided by their Tory impulses, he would have joined his cousins in exile and oblivion.

William M. Jardine

Graduates From Cowpuncher to Be Secretary of Agriculture

A CAPACITY to grasp essentials in the farm problem and the courage to stand by his convictions, once arrived at, are qualities that paradoxically have led William M. Jardine to resign the presidency of the Kansas State Agricultural College and become Secretary of Agriculture, giving the Sunflower State its first place in a President's Cabinet. Several other circumstances helped President Coolidge make up his mind that this one-time cowpuncher was the man he wanted to succeed Howard M. Gore in the Cabinet. If the latter hadn't been elected Governor of West Virginia, for instance, Dr. Jardine wouldn't have had his chance. If the farm organizations had been able to agree upon any one candidate, who filled the bill of

Presidential particulars, the Kansan probably wouldn't have been considered. For, as the Kansas City *Star* asserts, he never sought the place, and many were seeking it. If the soundness of his economic thinking hadn't impressed Herbert Hoover it is not certain that Dr. Jardine would have been so prominently in the picture, for the Secretary of Commerce unquestionably spoke up and loudly for the Kansan when the President cast about for final advice before making his selection.

That about Jardine which so impressed Hoover was his stand against the Haughen-McNary bill which, among other things, proposed to legislate a fixed price of \$1.75 a bushel for wheat. Called a time ago to Washington to serve on the Coolidge farm commission

to consider the merits of the bill, Jardine continued to denounce it, although the entire Kansas delegation in the House had voted for it, and the Senators were ready to do so. Dr. Jardine argued that it was based on a premise that was economically unsound. He said that price-fixing in the end would hurt the farmer rather than help him. It so happened that both President Coolidge and Secretary Hoover entertained the same theory concerning the unsoundness of entering upon government price fixing. Sequentially as, one by one, the President eliminated the various names he had under consideration for the Cabinet post, the process left Jardine, even though he was a college president and the administration had hoped for a man more versed in actual business management.

Nevertheless, the new Secretary of Agriculture is nothing if not a farmer. He first saw the light of day on an Idaho farm in 1879. Before he was twenty he had engaged in every activity of the farm and ranch owned and worked by his father. He received the rudiments of education as best he could. Such as he got whetted his appetite for more. At twenty he hit the trail for Logan, Utah, where he enrolled in the Utah Agricultural College. The Jardine of student days was the same hard-hitting, never-say-die person as the Jardine back on the paternal ranch. He saw his first college football game. He liked it. He tried for the team and made it. In his senior year he was its captain, and when he led it to victory in the final game of the season against the Utah State University team, he could then and there, so far as the Aggies were concerned, have had the Secretaryship of Agriculture, the Presidency or anything else.

Jardine worked on a farm during the first two years he was in college. The last two years he was made a student assistant in the department of agronomy. His services and abilities were thus early recognized. About his first step away from the campus led him to the altar. He had fallen in love with Effie Nebeker, one of his classmates.

They were married at her home in Logan. Then he returned to the college as associate professor of agronomy. Later he became secretary and manager of the Utah Arid Farm Company, which had bought 7,000 acres of desert land for reclamation. He spent a year on the project. A shake-up at the college occurred and he accepted a call as director of agronomy. In 1907 he entered the service of the Department of Agriculture as an agronomist in charge of dry-land grain investigations, gaining an intimate knowledge of agricultural conditions throughout the country, becoming eventually an authority on soils and crops. Three years later he was made the head of the agronomy department of the Kansas State Agricultural College, succeeding in 1913 to the post of dean of the College of Agriculture and in 1918 becoming its president. The institution has forged vigorously ahead in those seven years.

Cooperation promises to feature his administration. It is generally admitted that the weak spot in the whole farming game is the selling of the crop. Many cooperative selling agencies in many States have performed the miracle for the producers. Many such agencies, notably the wheat growers of Kansas, have failed miserably in working out the same problem. Students of the situation know why they failed—that the fault has been with the executives chosen to run them. Plenty of cooperatives have succeeded, and the method of their success is an open book.

The new Secretary of Agriculture is of Scotch extraction, like many of his predecessors. His father came to America as a Scotch lad of 16. He helped modestly in building the Union Pacific across the continent by dint of driving a pair of mules to a slip scraper. The girl he married, however, was Utah-born and of Welsh extraction.

The Jardines have three children, the eldest a boy of 16. The two younger children are girls. Typical of the traits of the new Cabinet officer is the fact that he insists that his son find a way to pay his own expenses through school.

Abd-el Krim of Morocco

Captor of Raisuli and a Thorn in the Royal Side of Spain

IF we write of the Moorish chieftain called Muley Mahamed Ben Abd-el Krim, it is because he is the man who has shaken to its foundations the throne of King Alfonso of Spain. There was a time when Spain's empire extended over much of Europe and America also; to-day, her external territories are reduced to a strip of coast in Morocco, 150 miles long and 30 miles deep, wherein dwells a population of half a million. And in the long struggle to hold this small province, Spain has lost not regiments only but armies. The leader of the insurgents is Abd-el Krim and his equally formidable brother Mahamed Ben Khattabi. These are the wolves who hold by the ears the Spanish dictator, de Rivera, and the Spanish monarchy for which he stands.

The accounts of the brothers are, in some respects, conflicting. But it is clear that both have traveled in Europe. Both are linguists. One of them, at least, is a skilled engineer. And at Melilla, Abd-el Krim was actually employed by Spain in the Office of Native Affairs, where he helped to administer the Protectorate. When the Great War broke out, however, France complained that he was a friend of Germany, and Spain threw him into prison. He escaped, but with a crippled leg, was recaptured and, according to his statement, harshly treated by his jailers, from whom a second time he managed to get away. His mind was now inflamed against Spain and all her works. He turned rebel and enrolled the tribesmen of the Riff under his banner. How they obtained arms, who knows? Some came from Germany; others from Spain herself, either seized from prisoners or smuggled into Abd-el Krim's hands by corrupt officers who sold at once their loyalty and their weapons for Moorish gold. In 1921, a Spanish Army, near Melilla, numbering 45,000 men, was one-half wiped out. Isolated garrisons in

the mountains were constantly cut off and compelled to surrender. The prisoners had then to be ransomed, and this provided Abd-el Krim with funds with which to finance a further campaign. More Spanish troops were then poured into the country, and, at the port of embarkation, sometimes they mutinied.

There, amid the hills around Adjir, lives the George Washington who thus leads a fight for independence. Of the tribesmen to-day, he is absolute master, and he even calls himself their Sultan. His headquarters are a low building with a flat roof. It stands in a walled yard into which, at night, boys and girls drive the sheep and goats. Through a hole in the wall, one dives into a room, built of mud, and 20 feet square. Its height is no more than 6 feet. It contains a rough table, a carpet and the only three chairs discoverable in Adjir. There sits Abd-el Krim. His correspondence in Arabic or the Riff dialect lies around. There are, moreover, a map of Europe and two Spanish maps of the disputed province.

The man is approaching forty years of age. His hands are plump and white, with tapering fingers. In figure, he is short and stout. His complexion might be that of a woman. His hair is black and his beard uneven. And his eyes, while shifty, burn with dark fire on the rare occasion when he looks a visitor in the face. He wears a jelab or cloak, white with broad black stripes, and on his head is a white turban. He claims that the Riff is a republic. But he has no parliament and his "ministers" are mere messengers. The brothers are absolute in their autocracy. Their only colleague is the Minister of War, Hamid Budra, black-bearded but clean-shaven around the lips and chin, whose leg is stiff from a past wound, but who, otherwise, is alert, bronzed, muscular and hawk-

faced—the very picture of a true Moorish chieftain. It is believed that he is well served by ex-German officers.

At times, Spain has negotiated with Abd-el Krim. But he demands a complete independence, which terms are held to be too high. Spain has therefore preferred first to continue the fight and then to withdraw her troops, not without heavy losses, to the coast towns. It is indeed the Dictator, Primo de Rivera, who, in person, conducted the evacuation of the hinterland, ruled by this persistent enemy. The humiliation is overwhelming. And the scorn, poured on King Alphonso and his autocratic Prime Minister by Ibañez the novelist adds to the gravity of the military reverses.

The latest of Abd-el Krim's successes is truly oriental in its romance. For years, the French in Morocco have had to deal with Raisuli, the famous chieftain who kidnapped Kaid Maclean, the Inspector-General of the Sultan's somewhat irregular forces. So far from being a mere bandit, as we are accustomed to suppose, Raisuli is, in reality, a descendant of the prophet and therefore a Moorish aristocrat. He has entertained Miss Rosita Forbes, who has described his domestic establishment; and, latterly, he settled down as Spain's faithful ally. Raisuli was thus King Alphonso's last card against Abd-el Krim. And Abd-el Krim has not hesitated to besiege Raisuli in his mansion, this so effectively that Raisuli, whose health is impaired, has surrendered and become subject to Abd-el Krim. He undertook, if his life were spared, to use all his force and influence on behalf of Abd-el Krim. The fall of Raisuli is a serious blow to Spain, es-



Drawn for CURRENT OPINION

HE HAS HUMBLLED THE PRIDE OF SPAIN
Abd-el Krim, captor of Raisuli and victor over General de Rivera, is master of all he surveys in Morocco.

pecially as Raisuli had at Tazrut much money and also war material left by the Spaniards in their retreat. With his henna beard, Raisuli is thus eliminated. He is not dead, as so often has been reported. But he is ill and, above all, he is lost to Alphonso.

And Abd-el Krim—what dreams are his? To be a real Sultan—nay Caliph of the Spiritual Islam? Who can say? To have compelled Spain to bite the dust—this without Allies—is indeed a triumph which recalls the day when the Saracens dwelt in the Alhambra. His brother, now entitled "prince," calmly observes that the retirement, which Primo de Rivera personally supervised, leaves him with "a Hindenburg Line" that can only be held by a million men. And during the conflict, France, Italy and Britain watch events. After all, the Riff overlooks one of the gateways of the world, the Strait of Gibraltar.

Walter S. Gifford

Head of the \$2,000,000,000 A. T. & T. Company at Forty

COMING out of Harvard some twenty years ago, Walter S. Gifford mixed his envelopes in applying for a job. Fortunately his application, intended for the General Electric Company, went to the Western Electric Company and started him clerically in the telephone-building business at \$10 a week. The other day, at forty, he became president of the \$2,000,000,000 American Telephone and Telegraph Company, an ally of the Western Electric, and is accredited with being the youngest man ever placed in such a position. The presidency of the General Electric is not likely to be vacant for some time to come.

It is surprising to read that the leader of a force of 350,000 shareholders, backed by 15,000,000 telephone stations and a wire and wireless service that reaches the outposts of civilization, once had great difficulty in learning the multiplication table. Such is a fact, however, according to his own admission, and it is all the more paradoxical that he should have come to be regarded as probably the foremost statistician of the country.

New England is written all over this fairly tall, high-browed, slender, nervous and active native of Salem, Massachusetts, where he was born in January, 1885. His father owned a mill in Salem and offered the son plenty of chances for employment, but the latter, on graduating from college, preferred to "go it alone" and migrated to Chicago and a clerkship in the payroll department of the electric company. His proclivity for facts and figures led to reduced disbursements and improved methods, and three years later he was appointed an officer of the company, in charge of accounting in New York and the East.

Theodore N. Vail, genius of the Bell system, is credited, by a Brooklyn *Eagle* biographer, with discovering the young man, as he discovered so many

others, including Harry B. Thayer, now chairman of the A. T. & T. board of directors, and took him into the parent organization as chief statistician.

Young Gifford found that telephone growth had outstripped the statistics of the company to such an extent that the figures and records gave neither a reliable nor a living picture of conditions. He set about to remedy this and succeeded. Further, he became noted for his "ideas," some of which were of a character to cause revolutionary changes. The "night letter" system of the telegraph companies has been attributed to him. The introduction of employee ownership of stock in the corporation and also of customer ownership as sanctioned by the directors is credited to him also, although he disclaims originating the plans. His ideas are said to have been worth millions to the company.

Ten years after entering its employ Gifford was made vice-president. During the war there was an interlude in his service—in effect he has had but one employer in all the years of his business career—when he undertook the biggest inventory in history—that of American industry and its potentialities. As Supervising Director of the Committee on Industrial Preparedness, a committee attached to the Naval Consulting Board, he directed the whole work in which fully 30,000 engineers were engaged, and the job was done in about three months.

Prior to that time no one outside the electrical industry had ever heard of Walter S. Gifford. He had been out of Harvard only twelve years. But Theodore N. Vail caught the ear of the administration and recommended that his protégé be put in charge of the stupendous task of finding out what the country could depend upon should war become necessary.

Gifford brought to his task an energy

comparable to the fluid upon which the operations of the telephone and the telegraph are based. There was no red tape in the department over which he assumed control. He organized with the rapidity of a General massing his forces for resistance to a surprise attack, and his unit was functioning before the men who conceived it had decided about how to get on the job.

In three months the "Vail protégé" had shown himself to be such an executive that he was unanimously chosen to act as Director of the Advisory Committee of the Council of National Defense when that body was created in 1916. His administrative ability, coupled with his training as a statistician and accountant, had put into the hands of the Government what amounted to a complete inventory of the natural, raw materials, manufacturing, financial and labor resources of the country.

When the Council of National Defense was organized on a war basis in March, 1917, there was no hesitation on the part of the Government officials or his colleagues in giving him complete command, and we read that "of all the organizations for war purposes manned by civilian volunteers it registered the greatest measure of accomplishment. Through negotiations with manufacturers and wholesalers, prices for supplies were fixed which saved the Government tens of millions of dollars."

Mr. Gifford spent three months in France in 1918, directing the reception and transportation of supplies

for the A. E. F. On his return, foreseeing the end of the war, he built up an organization in the Council of National Defense which dealt with plans of reconstruction when the conflict should be ended. One week after the Armistice was signed he went back to the corporation of which he is now president.



Drawn for CURRENT OPINION

A YOUTHFUL CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY WHO IS
MIGHTY GOOD AT FIGURES

Walter S. Gifford, new head of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, has let no grass grow under his feet and has yet to touch a third rail.

Amy Lowell's Tribute to Keats

A Masterpiece of Poetic Interpretation

BY a happy coincidence the announcement that the Hampstead home of the poet Keats is a public possession and will be kept in perpetuity as a Keats museum has been made at a time when Amy Lowell's two-volume biography (Houghton Mifflin) is attracting international attention. Now, more than ever, we can understand why Matthew Arnold ranked Keats with Shakespeare, and why Tennyson exclaimed: "He had it in him to surpass us all!" If anything is certain,

it is that this poet who published only three slim volumes, who died when he was twenty-five, and who thought of his name as "writ in water," will live with the major poets of English literature.

It seems that Miss Lowell has long been collecting material bearing on Keats, and that in 1921 she was asked to deliver at Yale University a commemorative address on the hundredth anniversary of the poet's death. In preparing her address, she discovered, in her own and her friends' collections and in the Morgan Library in New York City, so much that was fresh and unknown, so many little collateral facts of importance, that only a tithe of the information so gained could find place in the limits of an hour's talk. She therefore decided to incorporate the new material in a new biography, and she brought to her self-imposed task the skill of a practised writer, already the author of ten volumes of verse and prose.

Special interest attaches to the fact that Amy Lowell is, in a sense, a disciple of Keats. Not the least interesting of her contentions is that Keats was the founder, or at least a forerunner, of that "imagist" school of poetry in which she is herself a leader. She thinks that we of to-day can understand Keats better than the men of previous generations could. "They were nearer to him in time," she says, "but not in temper; for—strange paradox!—Keats was an almost completely modern man." She continues: "I do not



Drawn for CURRENT OPINION

**"SHE HAS BUILT FOR HERSELF A MONUMENT
MORE ENDURING THAN BRASS"**

So Richard Le Gallienne writes apropos of Amy Lowell's new biography of John Keats. "Her name," he adds, "will be associated with her poet forever."

mean for a moment that he *wrote* as the modern poets do, but that he *thought* as they do, and as his contemporaries most emphatically do not."

Miss Lowell presents not only the thought and poetry of Keats, but his actual life and environment. There is something amazing in the way in which she traces his pedigree, his growth, his interests and his activities day by day. It is true that his father and his grandfather (on the maternal side) were livery-stable keepers, but they were aristocrats in their profession and men of character. The mother of Keats, we are told, was passionate and weak; his father was, or appears to have been, strong. Keats had a sister, Fanny, whom he loved devotedly. His brother Tom died, as he himself died, of tuberculosis. Another brother, George, emigrated to America.

Nothing in Keats's life is too small and nothing too big to be unworthy of Miss Lowell's attention. She has found, for instance, that Keats's black eye on Friday, March 19, 1819, was not due to a fight with a butcher who was tormenting a kitten, but was caused by a cricket ball. She can tell us how Keats spent an entire Sunday in such and such a year. She corrects dates that he wrote in error. She even knows the exact hours when coaches left and arrived, or when vessels sailed, in his time.

We see his circle of friends again—Leigh Hunt, who had been sent to prison for insulting the Prince of Wales; Benjamin R. Haydon, who painted portraits of Keats; Joseph M. Severn, who nursed him in Italy; Charles Brown, who accompanied him



Drawn for CURRENT OPINION

PRESENTED AS OUR CONTEMPORARY

In Amy Lowell's biography, the poet Keats is described as "an almost completely modern man"—nearer to us in some ways than to his own generation. The life-mask reproduced above is in the National Portrait Gallery in London, and was probably made by B. R. Haydon.

on walking trips; Richard Woodhouse, whom Miss Lowell regarded as "the most uniformly worthy and disinterested of all Keats's friends." Shelley enters the narrative, but was not, Miss Lowell assures us, a favorite of Keats's. The two were temperamentally alien, and Keats, she thinks, might have shared Max Beerbohm's view that Shelley, apart from his poetry, was "a plain, unadulterated crank."

"Keats did not like Shelley's type of poetry, and he was farther from being a crank than from any other thing one can name. . . . Shelley's opinions on practical affairs were worth nothing; on politics, ethics and social conscience he talked and

acted like a fractious, unreasonable child. Keats, on the other hand, was a perfectly logical, straightforward and unprejudiced thinker. His emotions might run away with him; his ideas, never. His genius was above and beyond his mind, yet it did not impoverish it."

By far the most original and important of Miss Lowell's biographical interpretations is her view of Keats's relation to Fanny Brawne, based on newly discovered letters written by the latter. Until now it has generally been supposed that Keats's love for Fanny was in large part unreciprocated, and that he suffered the torments of the damned because of this fact. But it now appears that Fanny was a magnetic, human, loving and cultivated girl, devoted to her poet and his work, and infinitely long-suffering under trying circumstances. It was *he*, we are told, not *she*, who was culpable, if anyone was culpable. It was *he* who was jealous and selfish, and who made unreasonable demands. In this connection Miss Lowell writes:

"At the time Keats met her, Fanny Brawne was just eighteen. That she had enough sweetness and depth of character to fall in love with the poet, I think there can be no doubt; and I believe she thoroughly satisfied the passionate part of Keats's love, satisfied it to a painful extent considering that they could never marry. She kept Keats in a burning agitation of desire which, under the circumstances, she was powerless to gratify. How much of this she may have understood, we have not as yet sufficient means of knowing. But the other side of love, the maternal side, she scarcely seems to have been mature enough to comprehend. She certainly developed and grew more tender as time went on; but the mothering which Keats so sorely needed, she had only begun to learn to give him when he died. I think one must accord her a little pity, for she can have known very few hours of happiness in her love. It need not surprise us if the very violence of Keats's feelings kept her own somewhat in abeyance. She shows a rare patience with a lover who leaves her so much alone. . . . People always speak as though it should have been enough for her to have been engaged to such a genius. . . . To Fanny

Brawne, Keats was the man she loved—'my Keats,' she calls him—not a genius writing poems for posterity. . . . Looking at their relations without bias, thrusting our minds away from the conventional interpretation, I think we must admit that he wronged her far more seriously than she ever wronged him. Her patience with him was unbounded; his with her was no bigger than a millet seed."

One of Keats's greatest poems, "The Eve of St. Agnes," was a choral hymn written, according to Amy Lowell, to celebrate his love for Fanny Brawne. She says:

"I suppose that few poems in the English language are so well known and so much loved as the 'Eve of St. Agnes.' It stands as a personal efflorescence to generation after generation of young people. This is a poem for youth, and youth alone is capable of appraising it. As we grow older, we may come to prefer others of Keats's poems to it, but to the age to which it appeals it is completely satisfying, and little more praise can be given to any poem than this. Browning has spoken of 'the last of life for which the first was made,' a consoling idea to those who see life constantly shortening in front of them; but was he right? I fear not. Youth is more than age, energy worth more than meditation. The 'Eve of St. Agnes' is a paean of youth, a great masterpiece and epitome of one of the principal ages of man."

To "Endymion," Keats's version of the ancient story of the mountain shepherd and the goddess of the moon, Miss Lowell devotes no less than a hundred and forty-three pages. These may become, Joseph Auslander writes in the *New York World*, "the canons of a new criticism, a new technique of interpretation."

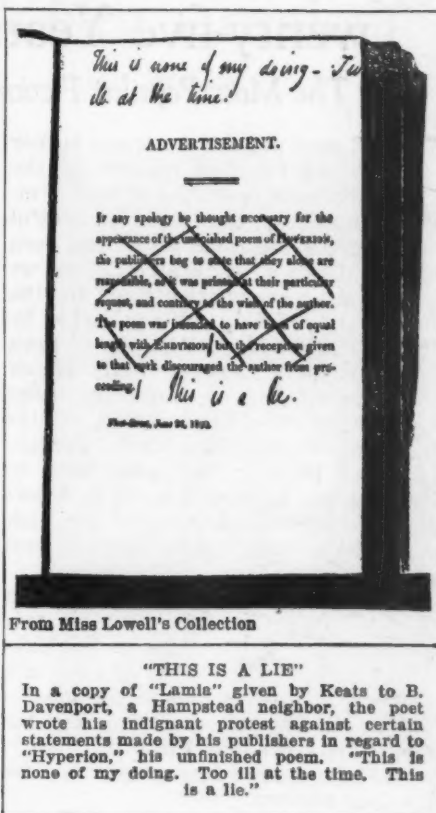
The "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is characterized as "well-nigh flawless from beginning to end," and the "Ode to a Nightingale" as "a no less perfect presentation of absolute magic, a magic shimmering over profound depths of meaning and sensation." Of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" Miss Lowell writes that she does not believe it to be autobiographical, or connected, except in the

most general way, with Keats himself or with Fanny Brawne. She goes on to speak of this as a poem opening an entirely unexplored field. "To us, familiars of the region through Keats's disciples, the pre-Raphaelites, 'La Belle Dame' remains the chief of its *genre*, although the peculiar quality of its atmosphere is, necessarily, no longer so striking. It seems fair to assume that Keats never quite realized what marvelous pioneer work he had done in this one short poem, since it remains the sole specimen of its kind which he wrote."

As she passes to the close of her record, Miss Lowell has more and more to say of the tragic side of Keats. The life of a poet is often a tortured affair. In Keats's case the action and reaction of creative impulse were complicated by serious physical disease. As he grew older, his life was drawn almost wholly into the shadows. Tuberculosis was undermining his system. When he went to Rome with Joseph Severn in 1820, he had lost hope. Severn predicted his recovery, but Keats himself knew better, and he had determined to take an overdose of laudanum rather than to endure the horrors of a lingering death. Upon this point Miss Lowell is explicit:

"One cannot read of the taking away of laudanum which would have spared the dying man his horrible, lingering torture, without a feeling of rage. Who were Severn and Dr. Clark [the attending physician] to determine whether or not Keats had a right to do away with himself under the circumstances? Nothing could more certainly have prevented Keats from accepting the religion offered him than this attitude prompted by that same religion. Suicide to hasten a painful death did not figure itself to Keats as a crime; it did to the orthodox and unimaginative men in charge of him. The mercy accorded to a dog was denied to Keats in the name of religion. It is a ghastly comment on pushing a theory to its verge. It never seems to have occurred to Dr. Clark to administer a few drops of laudanum to allay the worst suffering."

While Keats lay dying, Severn read Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and



Dying" to him, and prayed beside him, but his biographer can discern in these actions no reason to suppose he found consolation in them. As he grew weaker he became more calm, and he would lie for hours holding in his hand an oval white carnelian Fanny had given him. Severn has recorded that at times it seemed his only consolation, the only thing left him in this world clearly tangible. He would ask Severn to go and look at the spot in the English cemetery where he was to be buried, and he ordered him to put Fanny's letters, including those that might be received after his death, "inside a winding-sheet on his heart." Then came the end. "That is all," says Miss Lowell. "The tale of John Keats's life is told. He is 'among the English poets,' as he greatly desired to be."

Twenty-five Years of "Best-Sellers"

The Most Popular Fiction between 1900 and 1925

THE most popular American author during the first quarter of the twentieth century has been Winston Churchill; the most successful novel during the same period has been Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street." So we learn from a compilation made for the *Publishers' Weekly* (New York) by Irving Harlow Hart, Director of Iowa State Teachers' College. Sixty-five of the hundred and one novelists listed are men; thirty-six are women. Sixty-nine are of American birth; twenty-four are British; two were born in England but achieved success in America; two are Canadians; and one each comes from Italy, Spain, Germany and Poland.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that Winston Churchill wins his primacy despite the fact that he has published nothing since 1917. We are told that any one of his nine books appearing in the lists since 1900 except his last, "The Dwelling Place of Light," would have ranked him among the first hundred authors.

Next to Churchill is listed Harold Bell Wright, and next to Wright comes Booth Tarkington, who presents, as Mr. Hart points out, "an interesting case of a literary comeback so far as popularity is concerned." We read:

"The publication of 'The Gentleman from Indiana' and 'Monsieur Beaucaire' in 1900 placed him in fourth place, from which position his rank gradually fell until it was twenty-first in 1913. The appearance of 'Penrod,' 'The Turmoil,' and 'Seventeen' between 1914 and 1916 brought him up to third place which he has held ever since. Tarkington enjoys the unique distinction of being the only author whose books are listed in both the first and the last years of the quarter century. Although read to-day by the sons and daughters of those who read his first books in their own youth, he is still in his literary prime with no evidence of waning popularity."

Mr. Hart names Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Peter B. Kyne and Rafael Sabatini as authors who may, if their popularity and literary fecundity continue, soon challenge those holding higher rank. He remarks:

"No one of these has as yet approached the record set by Churchill, as only two each of the fourteen, seven and six books issuing from the pens of Grey, Curwood and Kyne respectively find place among the first hundred best sellers. Sabatini owes his spectacular rise in the lists to productivity, nine books having appeared over his name in five years. A continuation of this remarkable record will unquestionably carry him far, as it has in the case of Oppenheim, who owes his rank as tenth in the list to his having been heard, like the ancient priests of Baal, 'by his much speaking.' Thirty-six books by Oppenheim are listed as best sellers, but only one, 'The Great Impersonation,' scored even moderately."

All of which convinces the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post* that American literature is still healthily rooted in its own soil; while the New York *Herald Tribune* comments:

"It is not so bad. One is a little dismayed to find that the second biggest success was 'If Winter Comes,' and somewhat more dismayed to find the second most popular author to be Mr. Harold Bell Wright; but Booth Tarkington follows as the third and William J. Locke as the ninth, and there are reassurances in the lists. Mary Johnston, Mrs. Wharton, Sinclair Lewis and H. G. Wells are all in the first third of the authors' list; and from the sixty-eighth name (Thomas Nelson Page) on down to the end it is studded with people like Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, William De Morgan, Willa Cather, May Sinclair, Joseph Hergesheimer and similarly solid citizens in the republic of letters. And here is, it seems, justice in public, after all, for Joseph Conrad is not only on the list—he is no lower than seventy-seventh place."

Aldous Huxley's New Creation

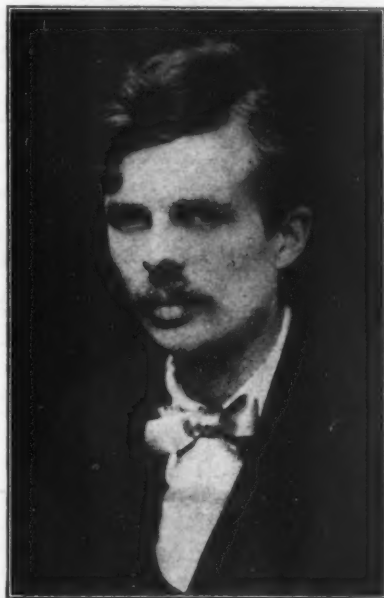
A Tired Amorist Looking for God

IF Matthew Arnold, the granduncle of Aldous Huxley, could return to earth, he might feel that the refined skepticism of two generations ago had been supplanted by blatant decadence. Mr. Huxley is rightly regarded as one of the brilliant writers of the hour. His new novel, "Those Barren Leaves" (Doran), has been discussed in practically all the important reviews on both sides of the Atlantic. And yet it moves in an atmosphere of moral nihilism that in Victorian times would have been outlawed; and it uses terms that are usually associated with medical works on sex-pathology.

The setting of the story is an ancient palace in Italy owned by a vain, elderly, sex-ridden Englishwoman. The principal characters—three men and two women—are her guests. There is endless talk, much of it bearing on sex, and Mr. Huxley seems to present us with two facets of his own personality in Chelifer, an inverted sentimentalist who is at odds with reality because it does not adapt itself to his tastes, and in Cardan, an elderly Epicurean who is struggling hard to prolong his enjoyments.

We soon discover, however, that these two characters represent the selves that Aldous Huxley himself has already outgrown. The man who embodies his deeper—perhaps his ultimate—self is Calamy, a figure ironically endowed with all the excellences that intellectuals who live by their wits would like to possess. Calamy has discovered the hollowness of everything, particularly of amorous experience, for which he has a special gift. Inwardly, he knows that there is something better to live for, a mystery seemingly out of reach, yet possibly reachable.

Under the spell of a mystical impulse, Calamy, toward the end of the story, tears himself away from a woman with whom he has been philtering and hires a room in a peas-



THE CLEVEREST OF THE YOUNGER
ENGLISH NOVELISTS

Aldous Huxley, at thirty, is the author of novels, short stories and plays that have attracted international attention.

ant's cottage. When his friends Chelifer and Cardan seek him, he expounds the spiritual gospel that is taking a stronger and stronger hold upon him. He is determined, now, to get to the heart of the mystery, and he says:

"Part of yourself you can certainly get to know only in relation to what is outside. In the course of twelve or fifteen years of adult life I think I've got to know that part of me very thoroughly. I've met a lot of people, been in a great many curious situations, so that almost every potentiality latent in that part of my being has had a chance to unfold itself into actuality. Why should I go on? There's nothing more I really want to know about that part of myself; nothing more, of any significance, I imagine, that I could get

to know by contact with what is external. On the other hand, there is a whole universe that can only be approached by way of introspection and patient uninterrupted thought. Merely to satisfy curiosity it would surely be worth exploring. But there are motives more impelling than curiosity to persuade me. What one may find there is so important that it's almost a matter of life and death to undertake the search."

In further talk with his friends Calamy speaks of the spiritual seers who have pioneered the way that he would

tread. They are Gotama, Jesus and Lao-tse, and they have been "beyond good and evil" not in the Nietzschean sense, but in the sense that they have transcended materialism and have known reality. Mr. Huxley is somewhat reluctant to use the word "God," but this is the only word that conveys what he seems to mean. He leaves the hero of his novel gazing steadfastly at limestone crags which rise at the end of a valley "like an immense precious stone, glowing with its own inward fire."

A Helper of Creative Genius

Mrs. MacDowell Awarded a Five-Thousand-Dollar Prize

WHEN the *Pictorial Review*, of New York City, announced that it would give \$5,000 to the American woman who, in 1923, should "make the most distinctive achievement, through individual effort, in the field of art, industry, literature, music, drama, education, science or sociology," it entrusted a committee with the task of reaching a decision, and invited from readers suggestions in regard to the woman who might be worthy of the award. Educators, an expert in child-welfare, a judge, a birth-control advocate, and even an astronomer, were named and considered, but were all set aside in favor of Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of America's greatest composer. The committee consisted of William Allen White, John Finley, Edwin Markham, Ida Tarbell, Louise Homer, Julia Arthur and fifteen more. The winning name was published for the first time a few weeks ago.

Mrs. MacDowell's superiority to all competitors was felt to lie in the fact that she has founded and managed at Peterborough, New Hampshire, a colony where creative artists—musicians, artists and writers—can live at a nominal cost of ten dollars a week. It is the only colony of its kind in America. In fact it is the only one in the world.

The inspiration of the colony may be said to have come from Edward Mac-

Dowell himself. When he lay sick, shortly before his death seventeen years ago, he discussed with his wife the possibility of establishing a place where creative artists could go and work in quiet and in peace, and it seemed to be only the fulfilment of his plan that, after his death, the country home which he and Mrs. MacDowell had occupied should be transformed into such a place.

The financial basis of the idea was provided by a fund of \$30,000 collected in memory of the composer; and after a MacDowell Association had been incorporated, the widow deeded to the group two hundred acres of ground, the house "Hillcrest"—retaining only a life interest—MacDowell's log-cabin (in which he had done much of his best work), a small farmhouse, a dilapidated, cellarless barn, a worn-out pump, a tumble-down double frame tenement, one studio in process of construction, and about half a mile of roadway fairly passable in good weather. "Mrs. MacDowell might also have included herself in that deal," writes Ida Clyde Clarke in the *Pictorial Review*, "for she has given of herself, body, mind and soul, in addition to all of the worldly goods she possessed, as well as all of her earnings." The same writer continues:

"In fifteen years the association has been able to increase its holdings to seven

hundred acres of ground; nineteen studios, with two more promised; a woodland pageant stage, with permanent cement seats holding nine hundred people; the Lower House, remodeled from the tene-ment, and used as a guest house; the Mannex, formerly the men's house, now an overflow guest house; the Rosery, a small residence, with a large barn used as a tea house; Colony Hall, including the almost completed Bond Assembly Hall; the Eaves, the women's House; Sigma Alpha Iota Cottage, residential annex; the Lodge, the men's house.

"The farmhouse, the Eaves, the Mannex, and the Rosery have all been extensively remodeled since the purchase. Generous gifts have transformed the Tenney barn into commodious Colony Hall.

"The standard set for the future by 'Hillcrest,' the simple, dignified, artistic home of Edward MacDowell, and the log cabin, isolated and comfortable, with an open fireplace, and a crystal-clear spring nearby, has been maintained in the living-quarters and studios. The John W. Alexander Memorial, given by Mrs. Alexander and her son, is one of the most beautiful small buildings in America.

"Last summer the colony numbered all told fifty residents. These were made up of thirty-five writers, ten composers, and five artists."

When Rudolf Eucken, renowned professor of philosophy at Jena and Nobel prize-winner, came to America, he visited Peterborough and said of the experiment then getting under way: "For years no such important movement has been started for the development of national art." A little later, John W. Alexander, the artist, and Josephine Preston Peabody, the playwright, gave enthusiastic adherence to the movement. More recently still, Edwin Arlington Robinson, one of the foremost living American poets, has written:

"It is practically impossible for me to say, even to myself, just what there is about this place that compels a man to work out the best that is in him, and to be discontented if he fails to do so. The abrupt and somewhat humiliating sense of isolation, liberty, and opportunity which overtakes one each morning has something to do with it. . . .



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SHE KEEPS ALIVE THE SPIRIT OF MACDOWELL

Mrs. Edward MacDowell, the widow of America's greatest composer, is the founder and organizer of a colony at Peterborough, New Hampshire, where more than two hundred poets, playwrights, novelists, painters, sculptors and composers have met in stimulating exchange of ideas.

"The place is a workshop, not a wonderland; or perhaps I might better call it a workshop with a wonderland thrown in. But one must work and be in earnest, and he must know that others know that he is in earnest, or the wonderland will give him but a sorry sort of pleasure. A few who have attempted to forego the workshop for the wonderland have not had a very good time, and they are not likely to come again.

"My praise of the place is to be taken without any qualifications whatsoever. With proper endowment it will be, so far as I know, the most significant thing of its kind in existence."

Love and the Middle-Aged Novelist

Sarah Gertrude Millin Sounds the Tocsin of a New Revolt

IS there nothing else novels can be written about except love—sex-feeling? Must it be the same thing daily, yearly, through the generations and through the centuries? Must the imaginative literary artist who is nauseated by a mere ready-made phrase devote his whole existence to the exposition of a ready-made theme? Is love as inevitable in a novel as the beginner's opening and reply of pawn to king four in a game of chess? Sarah Gertrude Millin, author of "God's Stepchildren," one of the most discussed of recent novels, who raises these questions in the London *Adelphi*, goes on to exclaim:

"Think how painful it must be to the ordinary middle-aged novelist to have to write all the time about love. It was well enough when he began writing. In those days he was young and love interested him. Even after he was married there was still for a while one aspect of it or another that seemed to him worthy of consideration. . . .

"But now he is, alas, middle-aged. He is—but for a certain habit of irritation—a good family-man, interested in his children's education, his wife's clothes, his collection of china, the cost of living, indigestion, the servant-question, the housing-problem, gold handicaps, the state of the share-market—and what must he needs spend his bitter days doing? He must write, poor man, about love.

"Love! He is sick of the sound of the word. It hasn't thrilled him for the last ten years. The jejune emotional reactions of people under thirty bore him utterly. He cannot bear to write about them. He wishes to heaven he had never elected to be a novelist—that, with his talents, he had become, instead, a financier, or a Cabinet Minister.

"For then he would not have had to sit like this, flagellating his weary impulses, his aged memories, his rebellious pen, to a show of ardor. He would not have had to pretend, unfortunate hack, that he was the war-horse in Job. He would not have had to write the sort of thing that should

make any other kind of man feel a perfect ass in the sight of his friends; that only the status of his recognized artistic temperament can excuse; that causes a continual coldness of suspicion to exist between him and his wife, and embarrasses him in the presence of his decent, cricket-playing young sons."

Is it really true, Mrs. Millin imagines a mature novelist asking himself, that in all this great world there is only one human problem that people of both sexes and all ages care to read about? If it is, he may cherish desperate ideas of forming a union of middle-aged authors and middle-aged readers and going on strike.

He remembers what Samuel Butler said: that the author who writes for success must keep in mind the fact that—not counting specialists—his chief reader is the person between twenty and thirty years of age; and he sneers bitterly to himself: "No wonder. Why should people over thirty want to read the stuff we write? Of what possible importance can it be to them?"

And he begins, our author, to rebel. If he must write about love, very well then, he will write about the sort of love that isn't too far away from his own experience. He will situate his problem where the complications are sufficiently appropriate to himself—that is, in circumstances resembling, as nearly as possible, his own: in maturity and matrimony. He will play with the illusion that even the married and middle-aged are not without the hope of romance. The article concludes:

"He knows well enough, as he sits there sweating over his triangular problems, that it is not so easy as one might think, after taking a course in novel-reading, for the average woman to find a man willing to ruin himself for the sake of snatching her away from her husband; he is, indeed, strongly of the opinion that she ought to be thankful to keep the husband she has,

considering how hard girls are finding it since the time of the war to achieve matrimony at all.

"But it can happen, of course; it does happen—even an elephant man happens—and to the chance and to the possibility he pins himself, and writes one more version of the Guinevere-theme.

"And that is the real reason why novels these days are moving away from the

simple ardors of the unwed, and why heroes are no longer so young as they used to be. Neither is their author so young as he used to be. And although his pioneering days are past, and although he dare not suddenly, after all these years, dispense with love, he will, at least, have this poor satisfaction: he will make the wretched old emotion conform to his own middle-aged use for it."

The Greatest of All Biographers

A Revival of Interest in James Boswell

THERE are many indications that James Boswell, who was once declared by Macaulay to be as indubitably the first of biographers as Homer is the first of poets, deserves more attention than he has yet received. He will always be associated with his *Life of Samuel Johnson*, but he grips the imagination more and more on his own account. Last year was published a new edition of his "Tour to Corsica." The other day came a new edition of his "Tour to the Hebrides." More recently still, his "Letters,"* edited by Chauncey B. Tinker, the author of a biographical study entitled "Young Boswell," traces his progress from an enthusiastic and bumptious youth of seventeen to a broken-spirited man of fifty-four.

For Lytton Strachey, the brilliant author of "Eminent Victorians," the newly published letters afford a shattering refutation of the lessons of cheap morality. He points out (in an article printed in the *London Nation* and in the *New Republic*) that one of the most extraordinary successes in the history of civilization was achieved by an idler, a lecher, a drunkard and a snob. "Nor was this success," he remarks, "of that sudden explosive kind which is frequent enough with youthful genius—the inspired efflorescence of a Rimbaud or of a Swinburne; it was essentially the

product of long years of accumulated energy; it was the supreme expression of an entire life. Boswell triumphed by dint of abandoning himself, through fifty years, to his instincts."

The innate characteristics of Boswell,



From a drawing by George Dance.

AN AMAZING SCOTCHMAN

James Boswell, who wrote the *Life of Samuel Johnson*, is revealed in his newly published letters as "an artist, a spend-thrift, a buffoon, with a passion for literature."

* LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL. Collected and edited by Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Sterling Professor of English Literature in Yale University. Two volumes. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch.

as Mr. Strachey interprets them, are impossible to explain. "He was the strangest sport: the descendant of Scotch barons and country gentlemen, the son of a sharp Lowland lawyer, was an artist, a spendthrift, a buffoon, with a passion for literature and without any dignity whatever." A dominating strain in his nature from the beginning was his hero-worship. At the age of twenty-three he discovered Dr. Johnson. A year later, he was writing to him from the tomb of Melancthon at Wittenberg: "My paper rests upon the gravestone of that great and good man. . . . At this tomb, then, my ever dear and respected friend! I vow to thee an eternal attachment." The rest of Boswell's existence, Mr. Strachey observes, was the history of that vow's accomplishment. But his connection with Dr. Johnson was itself only the crowning instance of an overwhelming predisposition, which showed itself in a multitude of varied forms. There were other great men—for instance, John Wilkes, General Paoli and Sir David Dalrymple. Above all, there was Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Mr. Strachey notes that Boswell was intimately fascinated by everything to do with himself—his thoughts, his feelings, his reactions—and yet was able to give expression to them all with absolute ingenuousness, without a shade of self-consciousness, without a particle of reserve. He goes on to say:

"It was in the description of his love affairs that this truly marvelous capacity found its fullest scope. The succession of his passions, with all their details, their variations, their agitations, and their posterousnesses, fill the letters to Temple (a quiet clergyman in the depths of Devonshire) with a constant effervescence of delight. One progresses with marvelous exhilaration from Miss W—t ('just such a young lady as I could wish for the partner of my soul') to Zelide ('upon my soul, Temple, I must have her'), and so to the Signora, and the Moffat woman ('can I do better than keep a dear infidel for my hours of Paphian bliss?'), and the Princess ('here every flower is united'), and the gardener's daughter, and Mrs. D., and

Miss Bosville, and La Belle Irlandaise ('just sixteen, formed like a Grecian nymph, with the sweetest countenance, full of sensibility, accomplished, with a Dublin education'), and Mrs. Boswell ('I am fully sensible of my happiness in being married to so excellent a woman'), and Miss Silverton ('in the fly with me, an amiable creature who has been in France. I can unite little fondnesses with perfect conjugal love'), and Miss Bagnal ('a *Ranelagh* girl, but of excellent principles, in so much that she reads prayers to the servants in her father's family, every Sunday evening. "Let me see such a woman," cried I'), and Miss Milles ('*d'une certaine âge*, and with a fortune of £10,000'), and—but the catalogue is endless."

The reverse side of all this was a growing melancholy; and the end was tragedy. Boswell's life reached a kind of climax with the death of his wife. He found himself at the age of fifty alone in the world with embarrassed fortunes, a family of young children to bring up, and no sign that any of the "towering hopes" of his youth had been realized. He exchanged the Scotch bar for the English, and lost all his professional income at a blow. He was drinking more and more. He had wild hopes of becoming a member of Parliament, if only he toadied Lord Lonsdale sufficiently; and Lord Lonsdale promised much, asked him to his castle, made a butt of him, hid his wig, was gravely concerned, and finally threw him off after "expressing himself in the most degrading manner in presence of a low man from Carlisle and one of his menial servants." Mr. Strachey quotes from a letter written by Boswell to Temple in April, 1791: "I get bad rest in the night, and then I brood over all my complaints—the *sickly mind* which I have had from my early years—the disappointment of my hopes of success in life—the irrevocable separation between me and that excellent woman who was my cousin, my friend, and my wife—the embarrassment of my affairs—the disadvantage to my children in having so wretched a father—nay, the want of *absolute certainty* of being happy after death, the *sure prospect* of



Courtesy of Reinhardt Galleries

REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIS SON TITUS COMES TO AMERICA

This glowing example of Rembrandt's art has lately been sold for \$60,000 to
E. B. Whitcomb, a Detroit real estate operator.

which is *frightful*." The article ends:

"The tragedy was closing; but it was only superficially a sordid one. Six weeks later the writer of these lines published, in two volumes quarto, the *Life of Dr. Johnson*. In reality, Boswell's spirit had never failed. With incredible persistence he had carried through the enormous task which he had set himself thirty years earlier. Everything else was gone. He

was burnt down to the wick, but his work was there. It was the work of one whose appetite for life was insatiable—so insatiable that it proved in the end self-destructive. The same force which produced the *Life of Johnson* plunged its author into ruin and desperation. If Boswell had been capable of retiring to the country and economizing we should never have heard of him. It was Lord Lonsdale's butt who reached immortality."

Paul Manship's Latest Work

A Sculptor Whose Skill Excites Admiration and Doubt

IF it is a sign of something vitalized in the work of an artist that he "gives us furiously to think," then Paul Manship, as Royal Cortissoz, art-critic of the *New York Herald Tribune* has said, is a figure of some significance

in American sculpture. This gifted artist, whose new work has lately been shown at the Scott and Fowles Galleries, New York City, is nothing if he is not provocative. From the very beginning of his career his greatness has been both acclaimed and questioned; and at the present time the debate is still going merrily on.

When Manship returned to this country in 1912 after a three-years' residence at the American Academy in Rome, he was greeted enthusiastically. Critics praised him, medals and prizes were awarded him, and architects were eager to collaborate with him. He was then only twenty-six years old. He had done his first work in the school of Fine Arts at St. Paul, Minnesota, his native city, and had studied under Solon Borglum, Charles Grafly and Isidore Konti.

At that time, Martin Birnbaum tells us in his "Introductions",* Paul Manship's tastes in art were conventional. He had started with the usual enthusiasms, and had been influenced, from time to time, on the one hand by the Greek and



HUMANITY AND ETERNITY

One of Paul Manship's most original conceptions is this sun-dial, or "armillary sphere," conveying the idea of the human journey through interstellar space. It is soon to be erected in the garden of Mrs. E. H. Harri-man at Arden.

* INTRODUCTIONS: PAINTERS, SCULPTORS AND GRAPHIC ARTISTS. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

Oriental primitives, and on the other hand by the sophisticated art of the Renaissance. There was danger that he might be submerged by this multiplicity of influences. The questions were bound to be asked: Were his archaic conventions anything more than adaptations of antique originals? Did he possess the magnificent patience and seriousness which are absolutely essential to the making of a great artist?

These questions were answered in part by Manship's memorable bust of John D. Rockefeller; by his highly-praised sun-dial, "Time and the Dancing Hours"; and by that quaint portrait of his three-weeks-old baby which Mr. Birnbaum regards as his profoundest creation. They have been answered in part again in the recent exhibition and in works such as those reproduced in connection with this article.

Even hostile critics, such as Henry McBride, of the *New York Sun*, are impelled to admit, apropos of the exhibition, that people like the Manship sculptures and go in crowds to see them. "You may pooh-pooh best-sellers," he remarks, "as much as you please, but they always indicate something. We are said as a nation to be at the present time hard, unimaginative and lacking in subtlety. All these are outstanding traits in Mr. Manship's art." Mr. McBride continues:

"The parallel looks as though Mr. Manship had been holding the mirror up to nature, but that is one thing, decidedly, he doesn't do.

"He is frankly archaistic. He doesn't go to life for his subjects, but to the libraries. Contemporary life or contemporary feeling, apparently, doesn't interest him in the least. The small version of 'Actæon Pursued by His Dogs' is the sort of thing our grandmothers put under glass cases and kept on the parlor table. Mr. Man-



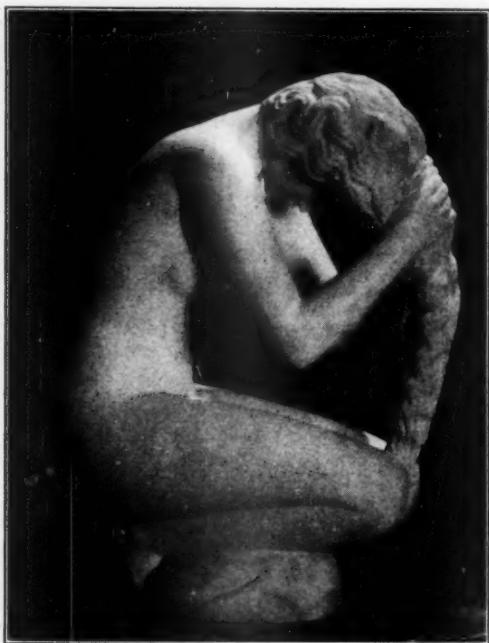
THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT

In this dusky figure Paul Manship has embodied darkness in a way that is universally appealing.

ship, in fact, is a modern Josiah Wedgwood. He has, I think, carried his Wedgwoodism to a higher degree of finish than the original, but that is about all. The spirit is not more animated.

"The workmanship is mechanically exact. I think that is the quality that really appeals to the public. They have always felt, for instance, that in impressionism they were not getting their money's worth. To do Mr. Manship's carvings justice it must be allowed that they are never slighted. They seem to have been created by machines and finished by machines. This, too, fits in with our modern system of living, and when the terms are applied to Mr. Manship's art it implies both reproach and commendation."

But, granting so much to the opposition, it needs to be said that Paul Manship is winning more and more respect as an artist. His new portraits (of Miss M. Carey Thomas, of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley and others) appeal strongly to W. B. McCormick,



MANSHIP'S VENUS

This lovely image, done in white marble and showing Venus with hair still wet from the waves which have given her birth, was one of the star exhibits at Manship's recent show in New York.

of the New York *American*, and to Margaret Breuning, of the New York *Evening Post*; while a critic of the *Christian Science Monitor* has spoken of a certain newness of touch in evidence, "a certain sense of delicate, deliberate modernism replacing some of his former fondness for the 'antique.'" Royal Cortissoz, in the *Herald Tribune*, writes with special enthusiasm of "Europa and the Bull," a small group which recalls for him some of the great Renaissance bronzes. He says:

"In this most emphatically you have an illustration of the sculptor's gift for being interesting. He gives his theme an arresting embodiment. Discarding convention, he sees Europa in his own picturesque way. And then, putting his group together in an interesting manner, he models it with splendid force. There is

another subject drawn from mythology which he has treated with a measure of originality. His new 'Acteon' makes a capital companion piece for his old 'Diana' and a very handsome, spirited thing it is, either in the comparatively small bronze or in the large colored plaster which he also exhibits. But the 'Acteon' has a faintly factitious, stylized air. The 'Europa' is as fresh and spontaneous as it is brilliant. In the 'Acteon' the artist produced 'a Manship,' a glittering *tour de force* which has manner rather than style. Its charm is that of the shrewdly organized silhouette. The 'Europa' has more of the quality of organic sculpture. It is a merit exhilaratingly perceptible in the several nudes. The 'Venus Anadyomene' is a very lovely achievement, lovely especially in its accent of pure style."

It is by the beauty in his work that, first and last, Paul Manship impresses Mr. Cortissoz. He writes, in concluding:

"We have always recognized this as his leading quality, and the present exhibition shows how lastingly it is fixed in his cosmos, how impossible it is for him to do work that is thin or trivial or commonplace. An eclectic still, as he probably always will be, ineffably refined, sophisticated, a master of his craft through whom the influences of all the historic schools have seemed to flow, he yet preserves as his central merit a rich and altogether personal feeling for beauty. It comes out in his loving sustainment of a long, rich contour, as in the extended limbs of the 'Acteon.' You see it in the fascinating figure of the 'Venus.' It is unmistakable alike in the lightly austere charm of the 'Marchioness of Cholmondeley' and in the rich ornamentation of the big sun-dial. What a precious and elevating gift it is! Truth to life is important to every sculptor. It is important to Mr. Manship. - But to sum up all that we feel in appreciation of this exhibition we would say, simply, that it represents an inspiring ideal."



MANSHIP AND HIS RECENTLY MODELED BRONZE, "ACTEON"
A companion to the sculptor's "Diana," this "Acteon" shows the hunter of Greek mythology, with the horns of a stag, remorselessly pursued by his own dogs.

"THE YOUNGEST"

A Play in Which a Mortal Mouse Is Called
a Lion and Grows a Mane

By PHILIP BARRY



IT is said in "The Youngest," a comedy success of the season, by Philip Barry, that if you treat a mouse like a lion it will grow a mane overnight. Richard Winslow (Henry Hull) is the mouse of this dramatic occasion, and Nancy Blake (Genevieve Tobin) is the sorcer-

ess who brings the transformation to pass. The result is described in the New York *Herald Tribune* as "a discerning comedy of American life, all alive and keen for an act and a half, but which thereafter develops puffy theatricals." The *Times*, on the other hand, extols the second half of the second act as "a scene full of telling undercuts, witty satire and pathetic irony . . . which Henry Hull plays to perfection, with his audience half way over the footlights for delight in him."

To the *Daily Mirror* this play is "a tasty and efficacious antidote for the present epidemic of sex and problem plays, marking a return to the good old-fashioned 'sweetness and light' type of comedy." And the *News* quarrels with the play for not being as good (though more amusing), as was "You and I," by the same author, which enjoyed a lengthy run a couple of years ago. However "it manages to transfer to the theater a family atmosphere similar to that of the first play—the sort of family atmosphere that is fascinating even when it seems stagy."

The story of "The Youngest" is the familiar theme of the artist brother not understood by the money-making

members of his clan. Into this confusion of the Winslows their visitor from the city, Nancy Blake (Miss Tobin), a spoiled young lady with ideas of her own, comes for a good long stay. She determines to straighten up this youngest brother, Richard Winslow (Henry Hull), by showing confidence in him and so to make a man of him, by calling, as she says, a mouse a lion to make it grow a mane. They discover that the father's will was made before the youngest son's birth, and that the estate, left entirely in the widow's, Charlotte Winslow's (Effie Shannon), hands, belongs therefore in part to this son. With Miss Nancy's exhortation and scheming and with this financial club to strike with, the young author puts the family in its place and turns with happy endings to the subjugation of the meddlesome young lady visitor.

It is late June, in the living-room of the Winslow's, in a New York State town, when the curtain rises and discloses the family discussing the impending arrival of Miss Blake on a sudden visit. Which room shall she have? Why, naturally that of the youngest, Richard, who protests vehemently but vainly against being thus summarily dispossessed. His mother informs him, in the presence of his elder brothers Mark (Harold Vermilye) and Oliver (Paul Harvey), and sisters Muff (Beatrice Miles) and Augusta (Verree Teasdale) that he can "go into the little room at the top of the stairs."

MARK. Hang it! That means using my bath.

MRS. WINSLOW. I don't think it will hurt you.

MARK. Understand, youngster, I'll have none of your four-footed friends in my bathroom.

MRS. WINSLOW. (To Richard.) Now

run along, like a good boy, and change your things over.

RICHARD. Why's it always have to be my room? What's to prevent Noll and Mark doubling up?

MARK. What with? Laughter?

MUFF. (*Amused.*) Can you arrange it with them?

RICHARD. Can they arrange *this* with me?

OLIVER. Consider it arranged.

RICHARD. But *mother*, you *know* I use mine twice as much's they do theirs. 'N all my books 'n papers are there—

MRS. WINSLOW. It will only be for a few weeks.

RICHARD. A few weeks! (*A thoughtful pause.*) Listen: Why do Alan and Augusta have to have two rooms? They're married—let them be domestic for a while.

AUGUSTA. You're not in the Middle Ages, my dear.

RICHARD. Don't see why you both stick 'round here, anyway. I know Alan doesn't want to—he'd be tickled to death to get away. But you—you've got to have your little luxuries, haven't you?

MRS. WINSLOW. When Alan and Augusta find a suitable home—

RICHARD. Yes! Came here from their wedding-trip till they could find a house. Been plenty houses in last two years. Only not with tennis court, 'n swimming pool, 'n three cars, like this one. If I had *my* say your worries'd be over, Alan. Out she'd go to-morrow. In *my* opinion, she—

AUGUSTA. The curious thing about *your* opinion is that it doesn't interest anyone.

OLIVER. Oh, *we* know what room

Nancy will have. Why discuss it?

RICHARD. Exactly—no discussion—(*Takes key from his pocket and holds it up triumphantly.*) This key settles it. (*Mark calmly picks the key from his fingers.*)

MARK. So it does.

RICHARD. Confound you, Mark! I'll—

MARK. There, Dicky-bird—quiet.

MUFF. I'm sorry, Richard—but *we* can't very well show her into the coal-bin.

RICHARD. Sick of being treated like this! Who's she think *she* is, to come in here and take my room? Fool! I'll insult her! I'll act like the very devil!

OLIVER. We'll warn her about your—eccentricities.

MUFF. How I love people who make excuses for their families!

RICHARD. I'll be eccentric, all right. I'll be so eccentric she'll leave a lot quicker'n she came.

MRS. WINSLOW. I think this has gone far enough. Mark, let Richard into his room.

MARK. Come on—you of the lion heart.

(*Richard does not stir.*) Are you coming? (*Still Richard does not move.*)

MRS. WINSLOW. Then whatever you think should be moved, Mark.

RICHARD. You dare touch my things! (*Mark laughs scornfully and goes out. Richard hesitates a moment and follows rapidly.*)

AUGUSTA. God bless our happy home.

Nancy Blake arrives and senses the way in which the Winslow elders impose upon Richard. She and Muff, who is sympathetic to her younger brother, are talking.

NANCY. Are they really on his neck every minute?

(*Con. on p. 441*)



HE SCORES AGAIN ON BROADWAY
Philip Barry, graduate of "Workshop 47," is materially assisted by the acting of Henry Hull and company in making a success of "The Youngest."



HENRY HULL AND GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN "THE YOUNGEST"

The former, in the title rôle of this clean, home-made American comedy, frequently "has his audience half way over the footlights for delight of him."



HENRY HULL, IN "THE YOUNGEST," STARS IN AN AMUSING AND DRAMATIC SPEECH-MAKING SCENE—"There's no such thing as inferiority," he shouts, in the rôle of Richard Winslow, "in individuals, in towns or nations—as America realized in 1776. . . . Down with superiority, with uplifters!"



PREHISTORIC MONSTERS PICTURED IN CONAN DOYLE'S "LOST WORLD"
Showing (top) two bull triceratops fighting, and (bottom) a brontosaurus overshadowing man. See page 446.

MUFF. Twice a minute. Half the time he's afraid to call his soul his own.

NANCY. Well, I call it rotten unfair. Is that (*indicating a portrait on the wall*) great-grandfather?

MUFF. So do I. Yes. Name's Jabez.

NANCY. Sweet name. I hate unfairness.

MUFF. You'll see plenty of it here, my precious. Come along.

NANCY. Don't rush me. I'm thinking. I suppose every big family has its victim. . . .

MUFF. Thanking your stars you're an only child?

NANCY. No—but people are so stupid! They don't realize the way other people literally turn out to be the sort of creatures they treat them as.

MUFF. You don't really believe that!

NANCY. I do. Treat a mouse like a lion, he'll grow a mane over night. . . . Take me, for instance. What if everyone hadn't always been so nice to me? I'd probably be a sniveling little idiot.

MUFF. Instead of this choice confection we now behold.

NANCY. Muff, I'm serious! Oh, I've had such a terribly lucky life. But every now and then I get a streak of thinking it's sinful to be as happy as I am, without doing anything about the people who aren't.

MUFF. Are you Pollyanna, or the Poor Little Rich Girl?

NANCY. I'm appalled at my selfishness, that's what I am.

MUFF. Nancy, do be sensible.

NANCY. I will not! I know what my duty is, Muff. . . . I suppose you and Alan are reasonably kind to him?

MUFF. We try to be.

NANCY. It's kindness that gives people confidence.

MUFF. Um. And it's bullying that knocks it right out again. I've seen it work too often.

NANCY. I shall treat him as if he were the most important member of this family. Soon he'll believe he is—and at that moment he will be.

The aforementioned brother-in-law, Alan Martin (Charles Meredith), who is a lawyer, presently finds himself alone with Nancy. Discussing Richard in particular and the family in general, Nancy inquires whether nothing can be done. Thereupon the lawyer confides to her that, in clearing the title to some

property Mrs. Winslow had sold, he had discovered that her husband's will was made some eleven months before Richard was born.

NANCY. Could he break it, then? Of course. Oh, marvelous, Alan!

ALAN. You don't know anything about it. As a matter of fact, he wouldn't have to break it.

NANCY. Oh, you lovely man! Why wouldn't he?

ALAN. Shhh! Calm yourself. Although everything was left outright to his widow, the New York State statute says a child born after a will is made inherits just as if there hadn't been any will.

NANCY. Then he'd get something?

ALAN. He certainly would.

NANCY. Oh, I'm shaking all over.

ALAN. However, what he wrote was: "I am confident that my wife will make a just distribution of my property among my family." If he'd said "children" instead of "family" there wouldn't be a doubt. As it is—

NANCY. Only one word?

ALAN. Only one. But I believe there are Supreme Court decisions to define it.

NANCY. Alan—We can't be bothered with any such petty trifles as single words and Supreme Court decisions. I want a clear week to see what kindness and understanding will do. Then, if we need this—(*She touches the will*)—it's awfully nice to know we have it.

Later on, the family being assembled, the eldest brother, Oliver, is paying the several members their monthly allowances by check. Richard, examining his, is first surprised, then dismayed.

RICHARD. Look here, Oliver, this is wrong. It's only half.

OLIVER. We have decided that you must be limited to this until you are more amenable to our ideas of what is best for you.

RICHARD. 'Call this a rotten deal—very rotten.

OLIVER. It's for your own good.

RICHARD. Everything disagreeable that's done to me is.

MARK. It's about time you learned that to have money you must earn it, as we do.

RICHARD. You earn your allowance?

OLIVER. Mark and I draw very nominal salaries, as a matter of policy. What

mother gives us is to make up the difference. I've told you that time and again.

RICHARD. No—that's why you've always got so much *more* than me.

MRS. WINSLOW. But Richard—

MARK. You've been out of college for nearly a year without doing a stroke of work.

RICHARD. 'Put in eight to ten hours a day writing 'n studying. What do you call that?

MARK. A child could write your sort of stuff.

RICHARD. Is that so? Maybe *you* could.

MARK. With ease, my boy.

OLIVER. How much has it paid you?

RICHARD. Oh, *money* . . .

MARK. What's money to we artists?

RICHARD. 'Bout what grammar is to you pin-makers. (*To Oliver*) Pins! Why should I go into the pin business with you? 'Wouldn't care if I never *saw* another pin.

MUFF. Well, one carefully placed *might* make your pants hang better. (*Alan enters from the porch.*)

AUGUSTA. You know, mother offered to put you through law-school.

RICHARD. That's what *she* wants. I want to write!

MARK. Everything you've ever written has been returned.

RICHARD. Well, it takes time; just like everything else does.

OLIVER. Too *much* time.

MRS. WINSLOW. When Oliver was your age, he had been in business four years.

RICHARD. Yes, and done what? Lost more'n a third of all father left!

ALAN. (*Startled.*) What's that?

RICHARD. Lost more'n a third of all father left, I said.

ALAN. Why-uh-why, I didn't know that.

MARK. Didn't you. Well now you do.

ALAN. H'm. That's-uh-that's too bad.

MARK. Noll was a very young man at the time.

OLIVER. And there happened to be a panic.

MRS. WINSLOW. He had to learn how to manage in such crises.

RICHARD. He had to learn his business. So do I.

MARK. He calls writing a business.

OLIVER. Oh, let him rave.

RICHARD. Can't you even *understand* a person *wanting* to be anything but a big frog in this little puddle?

'The time of the second act is July Fourth, on the porch of the Winslow mansion. The family has assembled and dispersed after denouncing the absent Richard for having dared to have breakfast served in his room. The young man and Allan are in conversation.

ALAN. Nice house of yours, this. Lucky you weren't born a couple of years earlier. . . . Lucky your father's lawyer chose the right time to die. Lucky the State protects a child born after a will is made.

RICHARD. What's the point, Alan?

ALAN. Do you remember the date of your birth?

RICHARD. 'Course I do. (*Alan takes the will from his pocket and indicates the date on it.*)

ALAN. Look at the date here—(*Richard looks at it. Alan gives him an open law-book.*) Here's the statute. A few of the cases with the decisions. See? Every one for the child.

RICHARD. Well, what's the joke?

ALAN. You poor kid—does there always have to be a joke somewhere.

RICHARD. Generally is, isn't there?

ALAN. Well, for once it's on someone else.

RICHARD. But—but *Alan* this is *ridiculous*!

ALAN. 'Think so?

RICHARD. Else why didn't they discover it *then*?

ALAN. Because the will was so simple, I presume.

RICHARD. And maybe I was too small to be noticed.

ALAN. Exactly. But they'll have trouble overlooking you *now*.

RICHARD. I'm—I'm—It's sort of confusing, isn't it?

ALAN. Your father died leaving a wife, five children, and about six hundred thousand.

RICHARD. 'Much as that?

ALAN. With the widow's third out, your share would be one-fifth of the remaining two-thirds.

RICHARD. Do you multiply or divide?

ALAN. In this case, you add. Plus interest for twenty-two years, plus your factory profits, plus the fact that the estate was diminished more than a third by losses in nineteen-seven and eight.

RICHARD. Don't talk so loud.

ALAN. Richard, you could clean them

out right down to the last cent. And there'd be thousands still due you. As I remarked before, it's a nice house. The only fee I ask, as your lawyer, is to be moved promptly out of it.

RICHARD. But father left everything to mother.

ALAN. Of course. But by this technicality—

RICHARD. Oh, I couldn't do that. You can't do a thing like that to your own family.

ALAN. You *can*, well enough. The question is—

RICHARD. There's no question about it, Alan, you ought to be ashamed.

ALAN. Well, upon my word!

RICHARD. You really ought. Besides, they'd raise the roof. Now look; you get this settled just as quietly as you can. Give me something or other to sign; they needn't know about it till afterwards. I don't want to get them all riled up again, because—because I'm hoping they'll give me back my full allowance, see?

That Richard is falling in love with Nancy gradually becomes apparent, he of course not suspecting the part she is playing in his affairs. Later on Alan finds occasion to warn the family not to be too hard on Richard.

OLIVER. When Richards finds his allowance is stopped, he may be less luxurious.

ALAN. Really I can't advise you too strongly not to coerce Richard any further.

MRS. WINSLOW. Steps *must* be taken.

MARK. I happen to know that all that's needed to get him to work is just one more little push.

ALAN. I *must* warn against pushing.

MARK. "Warn?"

ALAN. My advice is to treat him with the same deference you'd pay a steel trap.

MARK. Woof, woof.

ALAN. That's all I can say.

MARK. The oracle has spoken!

OLIVER. And rubbish, as usual. (*Muff and Richard come in by the French window. Richard, a very cocky Richard, crosses toward the garden.*)

RICHARD. It must be ninety. I'm for a swim.

OLIVER. The pool's closed to-day.

RICHARD. Closed, your grandmother.

OLIVER. The pool is closed.

MRS. WINSLOW. Richard! Did you hear what Oliver said?

RICHARD. Mother, what possible harm can there be in—

MRS. WINSLOW. We won't have this old discussion again, if you please. (*Katie, a housemaid, enters, announces a phone call and Mrs. Winslow follows her out of the room.*)

RICHARD. Say, Noll, I'd like my full month's allowance to-morrow, 'stead of week by week. You know, the whole thing, all at once.

OLIVER. You would, would you?

ALAN. That's a perfectly reasonable request.

OLIVER. Why do you want it?

RICHARD. For—for—What difference does that make? I want to buy a book, old fellow.

AUGUSTA. Wouldn't you rather have a nice little red Kiddie-Kar?

OLIVER. This is about the limit. (*To Richard.*) Now get this into your head: You can't have the whole month's allowance. In fact, you can't have any.

RICHARD. What!

OLIVER. It has automatically stopped, until you give some indication of being old enough, and sane enough, to expend it properly.

Suddenly Richard turns on them.

RICHARD. Now you listen to me, my dear family, and don't you interrupt. Ever since I remember, you've taken unholy pleasure finding new ways to mortify me. 'Cause I was the youngest. 'Cause I was different 'n the rest of you. 'Cause you're naturally mean; and I didn't hit back. You've done every aggravating thing you could to—to standardize me—to make me "average"—like you are. Well, I'm above average, see? I've got a better mind than any of you, with the possible exception of Augusta.

AUGUSTA. (*Ironically.*) Oh—thanks.

RICHARD. And I mean to use it in my own way. I'm "the queer one"; you can't make me out, so you divert yourselves by bullying me. Persecution, that's what it is. Don't you know whether Mark's been the worst with his eternal petty nagging—(*Band music is heard, some distance away.*)

MARK. Richard, you've got the wrong idea entirely.

RICHARD. Or, you, Oliver, with your blundering stupidity, 'n your idea I'm a lump of mud it's your God-given duty to finger into shape. Maybe it's been Augusta, with her infernally sharp

tongue. Mother's done nothing but follow your orders. Muff's been as decent as she could be, with her love for what's funny. But you've all had your methods—even Alan. He learned soon enough he could get things out of me by asking 'em as favors. I've had so few chances for—favors.

ALAN. Oh, come now, Richard. I'm not as bad as that.

MARK. We simply want to make a success of you. Do you object to that?

RICHARD. Yes! Nobody's got any right to make anything of anyone! My future's my job. If I fail at it, all right. I'd rather fail in my way than hit the sky in someone else's.

Pretty soon a crowd of workpeople from the Winslow pin factory gathers outside to hear Oliver's customary Fourth of July address. But Richard has torn it up, and Oliver tries in vain to speak extemporaneously. Richard takes his place and ignoring the protests of his brothers, shouts:

RICHARD. What the world needs is more leisure 'n fewer alarm clocks—less do-as-you're-told, 'n more do-as-you-please. As—as the immortal patriot, Cap'n—Cap'n John Keats said, in—in—his third epistle to the Indians "Beauty Is Truth" 'n vice versa. So why fuss 'n fume trying to cross-fertilize a beautiful town like this into something it was never intended to be? It's all right as it is. Too much of this making things over, anyway. "Industrial Center"—bah! All smoke 'n steam 'n scurry 'n scamper. Don't do it! Stay different! Let it be! (*He turns to the family and says, lowly*)—and you let me be.

OLIVER. Get through with this nonsense, my friend. I've got something waiting for you.

RICHARD. (*To the crowd.*) When we get through with this nonsense, my friends, we've got something waiting for us—the satisfaction of knowing that to be different doesn't mean to be inferior. There's no such thing as inferiority anyway, neither in individuals, nor in towns, nor in nations. America realized that in 1776—and you know what happened—(*To the family.*) And I realize it now—and you'll see what'll happen. (*To the crowd.*) Being different, *that's* what makes life worth living. America's kept her individuality; where'd she be if

she hadn't? Let's keep ours! And let's see this inferiority thing as the myth it is—a myth invented by tyrants—to make themselves superior! (*The crowd is hushed.*) And oh, my dear, dear fellow-citizens, if any one of you ever feels it, mind you treat it as young America did: Declare yourself equal, free, independent! Will you? Will you? (*The crowd breaks into a pandemonium of shouts: "Yes! Yes! Yes!" followed by Muff's shrill voice demanding "What's the matter with Richard?" The crowd roars a response: "He's all right!" Nancy shouts "Three cheers for Richard Winslow!" The answering hurrahs are deafening. Richard bows to the crowd. The noise ceases. Richard turns to the family.*) So will I. Well, how about it? Are we equals, or is someone superior?

OLIVER. You'll see what we are!

MARK. You, crazy little—

RICHARD. All right! But if anyone is, I am. Because I own this house and I own the factory! And everything else you've got and more too! Alan—

ALAN. It's the simple truth. When a child's born after a will is made. . . . Well, when you've cooled down a bit I'll explain the rights of my client. (*Richard crosses to Nancy, plucking a cigarette from Mark's mouth as he crosses.*)

RICHARD. (*To Nancy*) 'Been a hot morning, all right. Swim?

NANCY. I'd love it. (*Richard takes her hand and turns to the family.*)

RICHARD. If anyone inquires for me, I may be found in my pool.

Toward the end, Richard learns from Alan the part that Nancy has played in advancing his fortunes, and his small vanity is sorely wounded.

RICHARD. Anyone but her, Alan, anyone. It's humiliating enough, when your own family treats you like a worm, but when someone, someone you thought liked you, thinks you're so low'n pitiful that you've got to be bucked up with kindness—oh, that's—that's awful, you know. How dared she think that? Who's she to come here raising the fallen, anyway? I hate these uplifters. I hate all these superior people. I hate superiority! And that's the last stage of it, going around on missions to poor unfortunate inferiors.

In the end Richard treats the family magnanimously and realizes on his fine love of Nancy—and the curtain falls.

Sex Drama Under Fire on Broadway

Police Whistles Sound and Editorial Hoses Are Busy

ONCE more Broadway—changing from the Great White to the Red Light Way of New York—has been thrown into confusion by a crusade against immoral and indecent theatrical productions; and the N. Y. *World*, in deploring "the competition which seems to exist among unscrupulous and mercenary producers to see how much gold can be found in the barrels of dramatic garbage," names David Belasco as an arch offender, along with William A. Brady and A. H. Woods, co-producers of "A Good Bad Woman," who "have, by the judgment of most of the critics, dug even deeper into the pile of dramatic offal and have set on the stage a play with an odor even more mephitic. . . . There are passages in this play, duly enunciated by a capable actress (Helen MacKellar, whom the disgust of the press has prompted to desert the cast), which contain words so filthy that not a periodical which printed them could pass through the mails. . . . As art this play, like its prototypes, is a lie; as drama it is dull; as literature it is a sell; as reality it is a myth. . . . If such plays are not withdrawn, and are followed by more 'daring' researches into the mounds of lewdness from which they were excavated, let the New York producers take full responsibility for the public revolt which is certain to come." The *New Yorker* describes the Brady-Woods production as "one of those plays that calls a spade a dirty lousy spade."

Apprehensive of some sort of objectionable, if not idiotic, censorship being provoked by the plays that are under fire, the *Evening World* echoes a warning:

"If the men in charge of the liquor business had shown more respect for law and decency and public sentiment there would be no Prohibition, with its long train of evils, to-day; and unless the theatrical managers and producers eliminate obscenity for obscenity's sake, there may be censorship to-morrow."

The *Herald Tribune* critic, Percy Hammond, is of the whimsical opinion that Messrs. Brady and Woods positively and intentionally performed a service to the theater in staging their provocative play. For "the impresarios of late have shown signs of dissipation. They have caused things to be done and said upon the stage that, unless stopped, will result in the police wagon and the hoosegow. In this crisis let us fancy Messrs. Brady and Woods saying to themselves, 'We will produce a show that will be so dreadful that it will cause revolt. It will be of a kind to arouse even the somnolent censors to action. Though we shall be abused for our well-doing by those who do not understand,



GETTING HIS MATERIAL

Cassell in N. Y. *Evening World*.

we shall have our reward in a fruitful martyrdom."

The *Times* wonders, editorially, whether we are "becoming as decadent as the Greeks in the time of Aristophanes—or as artistic?"—and the *American* asserts philosophically that "if there are still a few producers who are so inherently ignorant as to be unable to gauge public taste, so utterly obtuse, so callously indifferent to public sentiment that they continue to present plays of an obscene character, there is nothing to get excited about. The police and the courts are amply able to take care of these rare and sporadic productions."

Taking issue with his own journal, Heywood Broun, play reviewer for the *World*, observes that "several fine plays are likely to suffer, in any campaign against profanity and obscenity in the theater." Further:

"Any liberal dispensation in regard to permissible language in public perform-

ances is apt to be abused, but I think the community can well endure a few tawdry entertainments for the sake of other magnificent enterprises which have been made possible by that same freedom.

"Only a wise man is competent to say, 'Here profanity is employed sincerely for excellent artistic effect and here it is used simply as a cheap bait for patronage.' Wise men are practically never employed as censors. If the police evolve some rule of procedure by which they may stop or curtail 'Ladies of the Evening' and 'A Good Bad Woman,' that same code is almost certain to touch and flaw 'What Price Glory?' and 'They Knew What They Wanted.' And it seems to me that these last two plays belong among the best which the American theater has ever achieved."

Meanwhile most of the twenty-seven shows that are nightly filling their theaters have no hint of dusty shame. The big musical hits are morally irreproachable, and the profitable plays are, with several notorious exceptions, not very far out of the Pollyanna running.

Filming Prehistoric Monsters

How Astonishing Replicas of Saurian Life Are Made

"A NEW camera triumph" is the report made by the screen critics of the long-heralded First National picturization of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's fantastic novel "The Lost World." The story takes a group of intrepid explorers into the heart of a wilderness where roam the brontosaurus, the triceratops and their animal contemporaries of prehistoric times. How these monsters have been recreated on the screen and how they are shown with the actors in the cast, dwarfing them until they are apparently the size of ants, is disclosed by Mordaunt Hall, in the *New York Times*, who, as an eye-witness to the filming of the picture, tells of the perfect reproduction of a forest, about 200 by 300 feet, with a plateau which looks hundreds of feet high in the picture, being actually constructed in true proportion

—three feet high—to the tiny trees. A tree that looks on the screen to be sixty or seventy feet high in this finely filmed miniature set was only eighteen inches above the flooring. Further:

"The monsters were about a foot and a half long, in some cases a trifle smaller and in others somewhat larger. The producing of this film required a most careful study of the habits of animals, how they walked, whether they swung from side to side and the consequent movements of other portions of their anatomy. Everything was a matter of mathematical precision, and the most painstaking work with seven cameras, each one on a trolley, which when moved into position was locked in place. Every little change in movement had to be made for one aperture of the cameras, which is about one-sixteenth of a second. And by the aid of special backgrounds the 'animals' were made to look as if they leapt at each other.

"Each movement of trifling consequence had to be pictured separately to make the whole effect appear to be real. One has to bear in mind that an animal will move its leg, its eyes, its head, its neck and sides and its tail. Consequently the amount of clever study and minute attention to detail can be grasped when one considers that sixteen frames in a picture pass in a single second on the screen. Then there are different movements according to what the animals are doing, whether they are supposed to be eating or drinking, walking or fighting.

"Each animal was moved into position

by hand, and in those scenes where the animals are shown springing at each other they were affixed to special and cleverly constructed backgrounds."

Unfortunately the producers have seen fit to include in this picture an exaggerated love story which at times is ridiculous. To have been content to fashion the story according to the detail furnished by Conan Doyle would have been far more interesting, as the constant close-ups of the heroine are criticized as wearying.

Telling on a Great Song Maker

Irving Berlin Moves From the Bowery to Broadway

IRVING BERLIN, whose real name is Israel Baline, and who, at the age of thirty-six, has for some fifteen years been the most successful popular song writer of them all, averages from his songs alone an annual revenue of \$160,000, not including royalties from his revues as they accumulate weekly, nor his third of the profits of the music publishing house that bears his name. The total sale of his melodies is believed to have exceeded that of any other song writer of the present or any other time.

The arresting factor in his story, as told by Alexander Woolcott, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is not that he set a new fashion in American music with "Alexander's Ragtime Band," but that he followed it with a long succession—some three hundred—of equally far-spreading songs, and the fact that after it had been generally predicted that he was writing himself out, his "What'll I Do?" was selling faster than any other of his songs.

That plaintive wail was published in the early spring of 1924, and by the end of September, when the peak of its popularity had not yet been passed, the number of copies sold had already exceeded nine hundred thousand. More than three hundred and eighty thousand records of it had been made.

Berlin, whether considered as a phenomenon of Tin Pan Alley or as a force of nature or as a spring of melody or as a master of rhythm, is best understood by one who realizes that he wrote not one but all of the following songs:

"Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning!" "When I Lost You," "Say It With Music," "What'll I Do?" "This Is the Life," "Mysterious Rag," "Ragtime Violin," "Snookey Ookums," "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam," "You'd Be Surprised," "He's a Devil in His Own Home Town," "I Want to Be in Dixie," "At the Devil's Ball," "When I Leave the World Behind," "He's a Rag Picker," "I Want to Be in Michigan," "Somebody's Coming to My House," "The Grizzly Bear," "They Were All Out of Step But Jim," "In My Harem," "My Wife's Gone to the Country," "Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon," "That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune," "Sadie Salome, Go Home," "Dorando," "Wild Cherry Rag," "Sweet Italian Love," "I've Got My Captain Working for Me Now," "All By Myself," "Nobody Knows and Nobody Seems to Care," "Mandy," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," "Tell Me, Pretty Gypsy!" "Girls of My Dreams," "Some Sunny Day," "Everybody Step," "They Call It Dancing," "Pack Up Your Sins," "Crimeline Days," "Lady of the Evening," "An Orange Grove in California," "Waltz of Long Ago," "All Alone," "Lazy," and the lyrics and music of "Watch Your Step."

Nowadays, states his biographer, Berlin writes fewer pieces, but his work is surer, truer, visibly the better for all the tunes that pop into his head only to be thrown away without ever reaching paper. In the year 1924, for instance, he carried only three songs up the stairs of Irving Berlin, Inc. But those three were "Lazy," "What'll I Do?" and "All Alone." And no publishing house which receives three such manuscripts in a single year can reasonably complain if its chief composer spends more time than he used to lying

Out in the sun,
With no work to be done,

supine on the baking sands of Palm Beach or Biarritz.

It is somewhat surprising to read that scarcely a song in the long list accredited to Berlin was written because his heart was singing and the song could not be kept from bursting out of him. Nearly all of them were "written deliberately and a little sulkily by one whose business associates stood around him in a reproachful circle and assured him that if he did not give birth to something at once, the dear old publishing house would go on the rocks. The artist in him may be tickled mightily by some neat, unexpected phrase in the chorus he has just written; but the publisher in him will ruthlessly strike it out in favor of some quite routine, threadbare word with no disconcerting unfamiliarity about it to stick in the crop of the proletariat. Indeed, one can see both forces playing a tug of war within him in the very throes of composition. The artist in him is bloated with pride when a Puccini or a John Alden Carpenter applauds the technical brilliance of an 'Everybody Step'; but the publisher in him is looking rather for some measures more within the grasp of the multitudinous piano-playing fingers of America."

It is not stated whether the artist or the publisher was uppermost in Berlin when he was asked once what song in all the world he would like most to have written. He said "The Rosary."

His own most celebrated song, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," was written in 1911 and was "one of several songs wrought with a time which no one had ever consciously heard before. This was the first full free use of the new rhythm which had begun to take form in the honkey tonks, where pianists were dislocating old melodies to make them keep step with the swaying hips and shoulders of the spontaneous darky dancers. It was a song which stamped a new character on American music. It sang and danced its way around the world and royalties came in from a million and a half copies." Of its origin and history, we are told:

"Alexander differed from anything Berlin had previously written, in having been fashioned as an instrumental melody with no words to guide it. As such, it had gathered dust on the shelf, wordless and ignored, until one day when he himself needed a new song in a hurry. He had just been elected to the Friars' Club and the first Friars' Frolic was destined for production. He wanted something new to justify his appearance in the bill, and so he patched together some words that would serve to carry this neglected tune, of which he himself was secretly fond. In his haste he took the cue for the lyric from an already published and quite unsuccessful song of his called 'Alexander and His Clarinet.'"

Berlin's first published song was written when he was a singing waiter in a New York Chinatown resort, in collaboration with a piano player named Nick. We read:

"This masterpiece was wrought with great groanings and infinite travail of the spirit. Its rimes, which filled the young lyricist with the warm glow of authorship, were achieved day by day and committed nervously to stray bits of paper. Much of it had to be doctored by Nick, with considerable experimenting at the piano and a consequent displeasure felt by the patrons of the place, who would express their feelings by hurling damp beer cloths at the singer's head. Truly it might be said that Berlin's first song was wrought while he dodged the clouts of his outraged neighbors."

Pitting Drugs Against Alcohol

Leading Philadelphia Welfare Worker Deplores the Harrison Act

ALL the popular beliefs about narcotics and narcotic addicts are challenged by Dr. Robert A. Schless, of the Philadelphia Department of Public Welfare, in an article in the *American Mercury*. "A drug addict," he writes, "looks and behaves no more like his stage impersonator than a theatrical Irishman or German or Jew is like his prototype. Some thousands of cases have taught me the great difficulty of diagnosing narcotism, in the majority of instances, with anything like legal certainty. One pictures a wild-eyed trembling wretch, who jumps at a shadow. One sees instead a group of rather quiet and easy-going men and women who look no more like 'dopers' than criminals resemble the so-called criminal type."

A short time ago an English scientist declared that the evil reputation of chemical warfare was due to popular ignorance and terror. Now Dr. Schless asserts that the menace of the drug addict to society exists mainly in the minds of the uninformed. Though a fair proportion of felons are drug addicts, he says that few of them were users first and criminals thereafter. "Sex crimes, which are commonly regarded as a natural result of drug taking, actually never occur among addicts, for their sexual desires, and even their sexual functions, are entirely dormant while they are 'on the stuff.'" He continues:

"Drug users are notably loyal and affectionate husbands or wives, and it is extremely rare for the wife of an addict, herself not a user, to make an attempt to have her husband forcibly cured of his habit. She usually does so, indeed, only when his heavy expenditures, together with his lessened earning powers, have made difficulties that are purely financial. There is not nearly so much wife beating, desertion, or other evidence of family disruption among this group as among chronic alcoholics.

"As to the physical effects of drug-taking, it is axiomatic among physicians of large first-hand experience that no permanent injury is caused by narcotics when they are used in the usual quantities. On this score, drugs are infinitely less harmful to the body than alcohol. In a constant tippler, changes occur in the liver, kidneys, heart and blood vessels that no abstinence can ever eradicate. But I have yet to see a drug addict who, on being entirely cut off from his narcotic for, say, from three to four months, could be differentiated by most careful physical examination from non-users of the same age. Indeed, only the scarred arms and thighs caused by unclean hypodermic injections and the tell-tale slate-blue tattoo caused by cocaine betray the erstwhile addict. I remember one man who was fifty-two years old and had used drugs uninterruptedly for twenty-odd years, yet he was fit to be accepted for service in the army during the late war."

After charging that many Southern plantation owners have encouraged the use of drugs among their Negro field hands, so as to render them dependent and prevent their emigration North, Dr. Schless describes the process of curing addicts:

"As a rule, habitués who use drugs in large amounts are characterized by pallor and varying degrees of emaciation, due in large measure to the obstinate constipation that is a concomitant of indulgence. On the cessation of drug taking the restraining effects of the narcotic are removed, and there is an abundant discharge of nervous energy, with overactivity of the depressed organs and an exuberance of sexual desire. It is in this stage that the few medicines used in treating addicts are administered. This period of breaking the habit lasts from one to four days, rarely longer."

Dr. Schless ridicules the notion that the drug habit is acquired from medicinal administration of narcotics. The drugs used by addicts are administered as medicine in considerable quantities

only in the latter stages of torturing, incurable disease, where the inculcation of habits is irrelevant, and for the alleviation of severe pain, "where even large doses expend their effect so completely that there is no excess to produce stimulation."

The writer attributes a large part of the present-day addiction to drugs to the unintentional effects of the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act, which forbids the sale of drugs without a physician's prescription.

"Prior to the passage of this act, there was a limited number of drug addicts who went to the corner druggist for their day's or week's supply. They paid a moderate price for the then legitimate article of sale, and the druggist, upheld by professional traditions, would no more dispense either heroin or morphine to a curious adolescent than the old-time bartender would sell whiskey to a child, especially since the profit was small and the temptation therefore not inordinate. But with the passage of the Harrison Act the old addicts were

immediately shut off from their source of supply. The demand remained. Following inevitable economic law, illicitly obtained drugs went sky-high, and the prototype of the bootlegger, the dope peddler, appeared upon the scene. In a few months these men made fortunes that would be the envy of bootleggers. Sources were established abroad—even, it is whispered, with certain smug old pharmaceutical houses in this country.

"Bottles of cocaine, bearing the stamp of a Holland manufacturer, were soon circulating. Heroin was being sold on the street corners in 'dollar decks' containing a grain or two of the drug adulterated with several grains of sugar of milk. The bootlegger is at the mercy of his customer, for there is nothing confidential in liquor; the man who buys brags of it and makes small secret of his source of supply. But the drug addict is not only a criminal in legal theory, but a criminal in court-room fact, and the secrecy in which he uses his drug acts as a cloak of protection for the peddler. The Harrison Act made the drug peddler, and the drug peddler makes drug addicts."

Bluebeard Grossly Maligned

French Original of the Bloodthirsty Ogre Is Defended

AND now a serious movement is a-foot to prove, by due process of law, that Bluebeard was the victim of perverted justice! Thus goes merrily forward the modern process of reversing traditional judgments. Our wax-figure heroes are being tumbled from their pedestals and our nursery villains are being led forth from the pit of their infamy. If George Washington has been shown a lusty, hot-tempered aristocrat, and John Hancock a rum-runner, Herod on the other hand is now seen as a dull but respectable bureaucrat, and only a few weeks ago Captain Kidd was revealed as the innocent scapegoat in a base political fend.

Bluebeard's original was Sire Gilles de Rais, Seigneur de Laval, Baron de Retz, Marshal of France, a military genius and a comrade of Jeanne d'Arc.

After a sensational trial, he was convicted in 1440, at the age of 36, of the murder of 140 children, and he was strangled to death and his body burned. His career furnished the basis for the fabulous nursery story that has spread over Europe and the English-speaking world. It gave rise to folk-tales of horror which persist, it is said, to this day in rural Brittany. He has served always as a central figure in studies of the perverted and blasphemous rites of devil-worship, that mysterious religion which carried on a subterranean existence throughout the Middle Ages. Huysman gave him a conspicuous rôle in *La-bas*.

Now a group of French scholars—Salomon Reinach, member of the Institute of France, Maître Maurice Garçon, member of the Paris bar, and M. Bouteron, Librarian of the French

Academy—declare that evidence has been discovered which exonerates the Baron de Retz, and under a curious provision of French law they are appealing to the "Cour de Cassation" for a re-trial of the case. Thus almost five centuries after his death, the charges against Bluebeard may be officially declared vacated.

The murder of his wives was never one of the real charges against Bluebeard; this element was introduced into legend two and a half centuries later by Charles Perrault (1628-1703), a writer of children's stories. De Retz was married only once, and his wife survived him.

Born in 1404, left an orphan at the age of twelve, married at 16, he was made Captain of the Guard with Jeanne d'Arc in 1425. At that time his life was given over to war, the chase, and amorous adventures; and he is described as "tall, handsome and well formed; complexion fair, eyes large and blue, eyebrows long and black, strong arms with small hands, and he was particularly noticeable for a long, soft, silky 'blue-black' beard." Enormously wealthy, he patronized music and the drama generously and accumulated a library in an age when libraries were not the fashion. Then, says Hollister Noble, in the *New York Times*:

"At the age of 28, the young Bluebeard—to-be reversed the thread of his life, separated from his wife, installed himself and a brilliant Italian alchemist, François Prelati, in a gloomy château and, if we are to believe contemporary records, changed from a courageous soldier and talented young noble to a magician, necromancer, debtor, robber and murderer. . . . Into a realm of dreams and reverie, of crazy alchemy and fearful superstitions, the young nobleman plunged. Eight extraordinary

years of crime followed.

"Beginning in 1432 a wave of terror swept a large part of western France. Children in increasing numbers disappeared without a trace. People finally came to believe that the Castle of Machecoul, where Gilles de Rais lived, was the center of operations. The closets of Bluebeard's castles were reported full of human bones, and the ashes of countless children were thought to have been scattered from the parapet of

the tower. Their blood was required by the gloomy noble and his aide in the pursuit of alchemy."

The Baron and Prelati were duly tried, first by the ecclesiastical court and then by a civil one. Fearing conviction of heresy and excommunication, the former signed a confession and suffered execution. His noble rank saved him from death at the stake.

That Gilles de Rais, or de Retz, lived lavishly, even after his own and his wife's fortune had been spent, was the



Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE BLUEBEARD OF THE NURSERY

Who in costume, weapon and attitude is as unlike the original Bluebeard as possible. A group of French scholars and investigators are endeavoring to persuade the French Court of Appeals to re-try Bluebeard, executed five centuries ago, on the basis of fresh evidence which is said to exonerate him.

crux of the case against him. Where had he obtained his gold? Out of the blood of innocents, said his accusers. Out of a vein of gold running in the rock beneath his château, assert his apologists to-day. Last summer one Dr. Vinchon is said to have discovered this gold mine, which showed evidences of having been worked, and thus the central charge of the Bluebeard indictment was met. His defenders dismiss Bluebeard's confession as worthless, having been extorted under torture, and declare that no satisfactory proof was ever adduced that he had murdered the traditional 800, or even 140, children.

As the New York *Sun* states editorially, Bluebeard's exoneration has come

too late. The myth is more important than the man. "Suppose it could be proved that Ananias was not a liar. Or that Don Juan Tenorio of Seville was a pure and shy young man. Or that Sir Galahad was a hypocrite who led a double life. Or that Damon and Pythias often fell out. The truth about the original in each case has ceased to be important. If Ananias is not a liar by the facts of history, he is a liar by definition. And it is so that Don Juan is a libertine, Sir Galahad the pure knight, and Damon and Pythias inseparable friends. If these people did not exist, it would be necessary to invent them. It is only the legend that is sacred, not the facts."

The "Greatest Weakness" of the Navy

Scandalous Treatment of Bluejackets Is Charged

NOT the lack of airplanes, cruisers and submarines, but the ill treatment to which our common sailors are subjected and the gross neglect of their physical welfare are "the greatest weakness" of the American Navy, according to W. Armstead Gills, Passed Assistant Surgeon, U. S. N. (retired), whose assertions are made in *McNaught's Monthly*. While high officials have been wrangling spectacularly in Washington over the need for navy expansion, and specialists have been arguing for naval policies that would enhance their own importance, Dr. Gills, with nothing to gain but the enmity of his former colleagues, has set out to expose the "pitiful" living conditions which undermine the morale and efficiency of the fleet.

Dr. Gills, who joined the Navy at the outbreak of the war in 1917 and was retired last year for physical disability, found the general run of doctors in the Navy to be incompetent: "hard-boiled swivel-chair warmers" who were callously indifferent to the health and comfort of the bluejackets. And he cites chapter and verse to support his charges. Here is one case:

"John Stanykunas of Worcester, Mass., was observed for a period of two weeks going about the station with head drawn back, chin elevated, and with an expression of agony on his face. During this period he appealed to five medical officers for care. Two prescribed liniment, without moving from their swivel chairs or making any examination. The lad was finally put to bed, though regarded as a faker, a malingerer. After he had been in bed forty-eight hours he was told: 'If you don't get up we'll crack your head with a pick-axe.' He obeyed the order.

"One morning a few days later the sentry on watch, knowing Stanykunas was sick, allowed him, as he thought, to sleep a little later than usual. At 6.15 A. M. the company commander came along and without inquiry or investigation turned the boy's partially clad body out of the hammock onto the hard deck several feet below. He was thunderstruck when he found the lad was dead. The autopsy proved that he had all along been a sufferer from tubercular meningitis, but four days before death he was shining brass in the dispensary, and on the night before he was scrubbing clothes for captain's inspection."

Repeatedly, it is charged, sick men jump ship to consult civilian doctors rather than face the unsympathetic

navy physicians. When these men return, they face court martial for desertion and are sent to the brig, which is often a damp and badly ventilated hole. On one occasion Dr. Gills discovered three cases of pneumonia and three of influenza which had been neglected and left undiagnosed for two days. One boy remarked: "I wonder what mother would say to this sort of treatment. It's not like the line they handed me at the recruiting station." All the cases cited by Dr. Gills occurred after the Navy returned to peace-time conditions. He says they are only a few of many that came to his attention, and that they are typical of the whole service. "The most shameful thing I saw in the service," he writes, "was the case of John Bell Clark of Hartford, Connecticut," a lad whom he encountered by chance one day, "standing with both hands resting on his knees, crying out with pain, with tears rolling down his cheeks, and with a facial expression I shall never forget."

The boy had reported for medical treatment in the morning, but no bed had been found for him. The young doctors who had handled his case were indifferent to his suffering. After he was finally admitted to the hospital, a whole day elapsed before an effort was made to diagnose his case. After tardy treatment for appendicitis, he died a few days later from pneumonia.

One day a sailor complained of a pain in his right forearm. "Dr. X. directed that the arm be painted with iodine, and when this had been done, the patient departed. He returned a week later, saying that the agonizing pain kept him from sleep. Dr. Z. now took hold of the case and found that the arm was fractured. The boy had been kept at work for a week with a broken arm."

Inadequate care of the sick, according to Dr. Gills, is merely one aspect of a general condition of neglect. Our bluejackets are subjected to overcrowding, especially on the big battleships; they suffer from a lack of barracks on shore; and scant attention is given to

their creature comforts and proper toilet facilities. Dr. Gills carefully exonerates from responsibility the highest medical authorities in the Navy, who, he says, do all they can with incompetent subordinates and an unresponsive Congress.

The development of modern fire-control and gunnery has made necessary an increase in the personnel on the great battleships, without affording increased accommodation space. In one instance the *Maryland* sailed with a thousand men in addition to her complement. It is a common practice for sailors to perform their ablutions out of a common bucket, even to cleaning their teeth. In at least one case the spread of venereal disease has been traced to this lack of toilet facilities. Thorough dish-washing is almost, if not actually, a physical impossibility."

The competition among ship engineers to better the economy record of preceding cruises leads them to reduce the fuel consumption for heating purposes "to the degree or capacity of endurance." When the ships are being overhauled in port, the crews, because of a lack of barracks on shore, are obliged to remain on board, and at this time the sick-rate jumps as a result of "tiresome weeks of exposure to cold and dirt made necessary by the horde of workmen trekking in and out of the ship and leaving hatches and ports open."

In short, Dr. Gills makes the grave charge that the country is more preoccupied with long-range guns than with the men behind the guns; and that the morale of the American sailors is seriously attainted by the incompetence of their medical officers and the neglect of their superiors. He asks public support for the efforts of the Surgeon General to improve the standard of medical service, and he makes a moving appeal that the Navy live up to the glowing picture of naval life with which it lures recruits. Unless the bluejackets are comfortable, contented and well, no Congressional appropriations can create more than the husks of a great navy.

Don Marquis Preaches Courage

And Bids Us Drink the Bitterest Brews With Gusto

TWO natures have ever struggled to control the soul of Don Marquis, the famous columnist of the New York *Herald Tribune*. His humorous side is represented by the flock of characters who have distorted themselves in his column and in his play, "The Old Soak." His serious side found expression in early verse that raised the question—

Which shall have ultimate dominion,
Dream, or dust?

and finds its culmination in "The Dark Hours" (Doubleday, Page), a play dealing with the trial and death of Jesus Christ which is hailed by John Farrar in *Time* as "one of the few great dramas ever written in the United States," and is compared by Stuart P. Sherman in the *Herald Tribune* with Aeschylus and Sophocles.

If "The Dark Hours" means anything, it means courage—the courage to endure the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It is built around the person of Jesus; he is always there; his words come to the audience, and his meaning; his spirit permeates every scene; he is the play—but he does not actually appear in person. Mr. Marquis tells us that when he first considered the idea of writing the play, he was inclined to rebel against the restriction (imposed by custom in English-speaking countries) which makes it practically impossible to represent Christ on the stage. But the more he thought about it, the less inclined he was to rebel. "I finally recognized," he says, "that the restriction arises not altogether and alone from religious feeling in the narrower sense; it derives also from a sound (though perhaps unconscious) apprehension of dramatic values and possibilities on the part of the great masses of humanity dwelling in these countries. For you cannot show Divinity on the stage; you cannot get an actor to impersonate Divinity. You

may show humanity in juxtaposition to Divinity, acted upon by Divinity and responding in one way or another to the contact—but Divinity itself: no! The thing is impossible."

Mr. Marquis's sacred drama, or Passion Play, keeps close to the Scriptural narrative, and has not departed, in the speeches set down for Jesus, by as much as one syllable from utterances reported in the four Gospels. The characters of Caiaphas and Annas, the leaders of the Sanhedrin; of Pilate, the Roman Governor; of Mary Magdalene and of the apostles John and Peter are also kept well within the Scriptural tradition. One of the effective climaxes of the play is that in which Judas Iscariot, self-tortured after the betrayal, accosts Peter and says: "O God! That I had been faithful to him as thou hast been." Peter, who has himself denied the Master three times, puts his head against a wall, and sobs: "Faithful! As I have been! As I have been!" The picture we get of Peter is of a man physically brave, but a moral coward. He tries in vain to justify to himself his falseness. "I am brave enough to die fighting, but I am not brave enough to die unless I fight."

The gospel of courage implicit in "The Dark Hours" has been worked out by Don Marquis with explicit detail in a series of articles running through his column under the general title, "An Outline of Education." He feels that the time is ripe for a new system, a new theory, of education—something broader, deeper and higher than any system or theory now existing—and he thinks that it should address itself to questions of the following type:

To what extent is the individual the master of his destiny?

* * *

Why do the gods put Serpents in the Garden?

Is there justice in the pronouncement that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the sons even to the third and fourth generation? We know there is truth in it, biologically and morally—but is there justice? Is there justice in the universe, outside the human concept of justice? Whence came the human concept of justice? Are the cards stacked, O Dealer? Are the dice cogged?

There are a thousand questions such as these, not commonly included in any curriculum, which every man asks himself. "They are necessary questions," Don Marquis asserts. "Any true system of education must teach people to answer them for themselves." He goes on to write in language that burns itself into the imagination:

Proposition

One chief aim of any true system of education must be to impart to the individuals the courage to play the game against any and all odds, the nerve to walk into the ambushes of existence, the hardness to face the most despicable truth about himself and not let it daunt him permanently; it must armor him with an ultimate carelessness.

* * *

It is an iron universe. When the spears go into you, rejoice. The iron gets into your blood that way.

* * *

A Wicked Lie

The falsest and most iniquitous saying of the last two centuries is Sterne's sentimentalism, that "the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The shorn lamb, if he gets out in the winter weather, freezes. Face the fact. Chew on it till your teeth splinter. Get it into your system. It is the character of the creation. It is bitter. Suffer over it, and crucify yourself upon it, and question your gods and doubt them because of it, as Job did. In the end, something

of the edge and roughness and bitterness of the icy wind will become a part of you, and you will get a kind of auto-ironic mirth out of it as you become more the wind and less the lamb; the gods are both tenderness and toughness; what they teach you is to be like them.

* * *

The Drink for Men

No education is worth anything that does not teach us to drink the most bitter brews with gusto, even with mirth.

* * *

Prayer

Give us the right foam upon our lips, and a dancing gladness in the mind! Make us drunken with the wine of life, even though it be squeezed from the grapes of pain! From the ferment of our sorrows, make us glad!



DON MARQUIS ON BROADWAY

Bertrand Zadig's impression, in the New York Herald Tribune, of the columnist who is equally effective as humorist and as seer.

Mental Poison

Our "Sex" Periodicals Viewed As a Public Menace

COINCIDENTALLY with the campaign waged against "ash-barrel talk" in the theaters, a new crusade has been started, in another field, against the growing tendency of our cheap magazines to exploit sex in objectionable ways. This crusade has found its most powerful voice in Hendrik Willem van Loon, author of "The Story of Mankind," who, though himself a life-long opponent of censorship, cannot keep silent as he sees our country overrun by what he describes (in the *Catholic Commonweal*) as "a putrid stream of the most despicable, the most iniquitous and on the whole the most dangerous form of a degraded variety of literature." Mr. Van Loon's protest is ably supported by Robert L. Duffus, who calls attention (in *McNaught's Monthly*) to the enormous and increasing circulation of sex periodicals.

The first sex magazine, it seems, was *Young's*, which was started in 1897 and in 1923 had a circulation of about 170,000. Bernarr McFadden's *Physical Culture*, which at the beginning of 1924 had 260,000 readers, might also be called a sex magazine, and "it is to be feared," Mr. Duffus remarks, "that not all who read it have intentions as nobly serious as those professed by the editor." *Dream World*, *Dance Lovers*, *Hot Dog*, *Jim Jam Jems*, *Red Pepper*, *Secrets*, *True Confessions*, *Saucy Stories*, *Snappy Stories*, *I Confess* and *True Romance*, with circulations running from 100,000 to 500,000, or even more, are listed as belonging to a species of magazine which points its moral with what the adolescent mind undoubtedly looks upon as valuable information about "life." The giant in this field of journalism is Mr. McFadden's *True Story Magazine*, which, according to its editor, has climbed within a year from a circulation of 850,000 readers to more than 2,100,000.

What sort of magazine, Mr. Duffus asks, is this mastodon of the sex publications? Why should it have twenty times as many readers as the *World's Work*, sixty times as many as the *Century*, or, for that matter, twelve times as many as *Young's*? He answers his own questions:

"Well, here are day dreams for flappers—young flappers, old flappers, female flappers and male flappers. 'The story of a girl whose only sin was in loving too deeply—.' 'A narrative of wild, reckless youth,' printed, it is almost superfluous to add, 'that it may serve as an object lesson to others.' 'When I was a little girl I sold newspapers on the streets of the dirtiest, smokiest city in the world; I wore a ragged little dress; in the summer time I went barefooted. To-day I ride in a limousine and wear imported gowns. . . . To-day my beauty is fading; hard lines have etched themselves about my mouth. . . . 'The heart-searching document of a woman's love.' 'Somewhere hidden, in the heart of every woman, lurks the serpent, Envy. This girl let its hideous coils enfold her until a fellow creature's voice called a timely warning. Then—.' The story of a woman who nearly lost everything 'merely to gratify a foolish craving for pretty clothes and a mistaken idea of a good time.' Alluring descriptions of 'good times.' Women with a past. A girl who 'cast caution to the winds until a hoarse shriek of warning sounded.' 'Because she hated men Madge fled from her village home to the dangers of a great city. Alone and friendless she made her way. When life seemed darkest a new day seemed to be dawning, until . . . ' A girl who let hatred, like a canker, eat the rose in her heart, until the man before her became a creature only to be destroyed.' 'A man's faith is a fragile thing which woman should carefully cherish. Once broken it is beyond repair.' All is 'true.' All is illustrated with 'real' pictures. Over all can be traced the blah-blah-strewn trail of the motion-picture continuity-writer."

Here is a version of "life," Mr. Duffus comments, as distorted as, let us

say, that of an old-fashioned Sunday-school book. To describe it as "vicious," he thinks, is to overlook its principal offence—an offence committed against the mind, not against the soul. "It is making fools, not sinners, of those who read it." Proceeding to what, in his view, is the crux of the whole matter, Mr. Duffus suggests that the "moron magazine" may be an effect rather than a cause. He concludes:

"The newsstand, in the long run, will be a reflection of what the populace thinks about when it is not occupied with its daily labors. Most of its reflections, necessarily, are mediocre, some are stupid, and a few vile. On the other hand it will sometimes tolerate greatness, just as it tolerates the Gettysburg speech, Dickens, and Kreisler's fiddling. Its greatest defect is its inability to make sensible use of a leisure very recently acquired. I am con-

vinced that many a man or woman who is intelligent and good in his or her daily work, who can build a house or bake a pie to perfection, may be positively imbecile when confronted by the abstractions of the printed word.

"Upon no other hypothesis can I reconcile the workaday efficiency of this country—or even the failure of Americans, as a rule, to walk off the edges of precipices, go to sleep on railway tracks, kill themselves by eating green apples, or die of starvation in granaries—with the enthusiastic reception accorded much of the rubbish that appears, not only in the too, too popular magazines, but on the motion picture screen. In time, we may hope, our popular amusements will be as intellectual as our popular automobiles. Meanwhile, according to the theory of democracy and the rules of a competitive society, fools are doubtless entitled to their folly and business men to whatever money can be made from it."

Christ as a Realist

William Lyon Phelps Discusses the "Pessimism of Jesus"

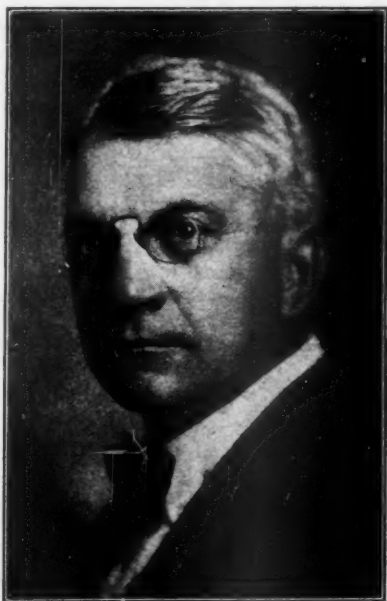
"JESUS would be saddened by the European spectacle to-day, but he would be neither shocked nor surprised." So William Lyon Phelps, Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale University, declares in the most interesting chapter of his new book, "Human Nature and the Gospel" (Scribner's). The title of the chapter is "The Pessimism of Jesus," and in it Professor Phelps tries to show that a "healthy pessimism" was a very real part of Christ's character. He uses this term to indicate a recognition of the gulf that exists, and has always existed, between what is and what ought to be. "There is healthy pessimism," he says, "which we should all feel; it is simply the honest, clear-sighted recognition of the facts of life."

Most social and moral reformers are impractical. In their vision, as Professor Phelps puts it, "they construct a world of no more reality than a dream. They imagine men and women to be otherwise than history proves them to

be. They forget that the reason why the world is no better is not because of the lack of excellent teaching and beautiful schemes; the failure lies in the mental incompetency and moral obliquity of humanity." The argument proceeds:

"There are zealous reformers who believe that the world can be changed here and now into Paradise. IF—but listen to one of the most earnest of them, H. G. Wells, who in 1918 wrote,

"I am a man who looks now towards the end of life, fifty-one years have I scratched off from my calendar, another slips by, and I cannot tell how many more of the sparse remainder of possible years are really mine. I live in days of hardship and privation, when it seems more natural to feel ill than well; without holidays or rest or peace; friends and the sons of my friends have been killed; the newspapers that come into my house tell mostly of blood and disaster, or drownings and slaughterings or of cruelties and base intrigues. Yet never have I been so sure that there is a divinity in man and that a great order of human life, a reign of jus-



HE SAYS THAT JESUS WAS A
"HEALTHY PESSIMIST"

Professor Phelps, of Yale University, attributes much of the power of Christ to the fact that he clearly saw the worst, as well as the best.

tice and world-wide happiness, of plenty, power, hope, and gigantic creative effort, lies close at hand. Even now we have the science and the ability available for a universal welfare, though it is scattered about the world like a handful of money, dropped by a child, even now there exists all the knowledge that is needed to make mankind universally free and human life sweet and noble. We need but the courage to lay our hands upon it and in a little space of years it can be ours.

"Every reformer, if he stops to think — many cannot wait for that—knows that connected with his beautiful scheme there is an enormous, a prodigious IF. The average reformer in politics, in education, in social or commercial affairs, is obsessed by the charm of a System, and forgets human nature. Jesus never forgot it."

Many simple minds are entranced by what Professor Phelps calls "the Pollyanna doctrine." Why is it, he asks, that on more thoughtful minds it has

just the opposite effect? Why is it that this doctrine often irritates where it should stimulate, confounds where it should clarify? He answers: "Nothing is more depressing than an all-embracing, light-hearted optimism. It is exasperating because we know it isn't true. The facts are otherwise. This is why some cynic defined an optimist as a fool unfamiliar with the facts. Every true philosophy, every true religion must recognize existing obstacles." The argument continues:

"Now Jesus, though he not only carried the remedy but was himself the remedy, never underestimated the evil condition of the world or of human nature. He was a physician; and I have yet to meet a first-rate physician who is also an absolute optimist. Disease is no joke; the physician comes to fight a foe whose prowess has been sufficiently proved. His enemy cannot be dismissed with a smile, nor can a wise patient be by a smile set at ease; the doctor knows the contest will require all his skill and that he cannot be too adroit or resourceful."

Professor Phelps goes on to recall how Christ upbraided the cities of Chorazin and Bethsaida; how he said, "It must needs be that offences come: but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh"; and also: "The poor ye have always with you." There was unutterable sadness in his words: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." There was even despair in his cry: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Jesus never promised his disciples immunity from pain; but he did give them, Professor Phelps contends, the inner fortitude necessary to bear it.

If Jesus refrained from political activity and can be claimed by no political party, it was, we are told, "because he was sufficiently pessimistic to know that under a monarchical or under a Bolshevik régime, sorrow and pain would everywhere meet the eye." He was concerned not with governments, laws and parties, but with the individual human heart. Professor Phelps concludes:

"Before his death and resurrection, Jesus looked into the future. He saw the long centuries of sin, oppression, greed, selfishness and war. Amid this circle of hostility, his disciples must keep the faith with steadfast hearts; they would suffer, but they would have that inward peace of mind which enables one to withstand enmity and pain. 'I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the

evil.' 'These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.'

"The honest, clear-sighted recognition of the forces of evil and pain is the best preparation to fight them. One may then be assailed, but one cannot be bewildered. Jesus would be saddened by the European spectacle to-day, but he would be neither shocked nor surprised."

Olive Schreiner's Religion

A Faith That Was Strangely Rooted in Disbelief

THE saying of Tennyson that there lives more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds is powerfully illustrated in the newly published "Letters of Olive Schreiner" (Little, Brown). This amazing woman, whose "Story of an African Farm" is being read and discussed forty years after its first publication, and whose allegorical "Dreams" are properly described as a modern classic, will be remembered not only as a great writer, but as a unique thinker and as one in whom the gift of sympathy was a kind of genius.

In her youth, Olive Schreiner was a defiant free-thinker. She once wrote of "God" as a "hateful, damned name," and as late as 1912 she was speaking of "Christianity, with its horrible doctrine of a man as *God!!* and of vicarious atonement." She said that John Stuart Mill had meant more to her than Jesus Christ. She also said that she found Buddhism a more satisfying religion than Christianity. The man to whom she gave her first romantic affection (Willie Bertram) was an avowed atheist who committed suicide. Her closest friend for nearly thirty years was Havelock Ellis, whose essay on Nietzsche is probably the finest tribute ever paid by an Englishman to the Polish-German atheistic philosopher.

It seems, however, that alongside of Olive Schreiner's negative views was growing a more positive attitude. We find that in her case, as in the case of the poet Shelley, the atheistic gesture

was often the obverse side of a pantheistic faith. While her early letters are inspired by the rationalistic spirit of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, she is also capable of striking a very different



"ONE OF THE GREATEST WOMEN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY"

So Havelock Ellis, the English freethinker, describes the author of "Dreams" and of "The Story of a South African Farm."

note. "I am reading Jowett's 'Plato,'" she exclaims in one place; "God will have to give Jowett a front seat in the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . I can't believe anything could be better. I seem to have found a friend I've been seeking for all my life."

This conflict runs through the entire volume. Petulance often precedes reverence, and hope constantly alternates with despair. In a characteristic passage of a letter addressed to Havelock Ellis in which Olive Schreiner conceives of God as the tormentor, rather than as the helper, of humanity, we read:

"I don't think overmuch of your theories about genius, though they are true as far as they go. Once God Almighty said: 'I will produce a self-working automatic machine for enduring suffering, which shall be capable of the largest amount of suffering in a given space'; and he made woman. But he wasn't satisfied that he had reached the highest point of perfection; so he made a man of genius. He was not satisfied yet. So he combined the two—and made a woman of genius—and he was satisfied! That's the real theory—but in the end he sold himself because the machine he'd constructed to endure suffering could enjoy bliss too. . . ."

But, as times goes on, this perverse and ironical mood is almost submerged. In letters addressed to W. T. Stead, Miss Emily Hobhouse and others of her friends she is still obsessed by the problem of evil, and is ever fighting her tendency to identify herself too completely with all the pain and suffering she sees; but she is finding a certain amount of release in public activities. Her preoccupation with matters of sex and with the emancipation of women bring out all that is at once idealistic and practical in her character. She believes that human development has reached a point at which sexual difference is "a thing of altogether minor importance," and she looks forward to a "federation of the sexes" as she had once labored for a federation of the States of South Africa. She speaks of prostitution as the "most agonizing central point" of the sex problem, and she shows an increasing sympathy with Socialism.

Her ultimate note is one of the loftiest spiritual idealism:

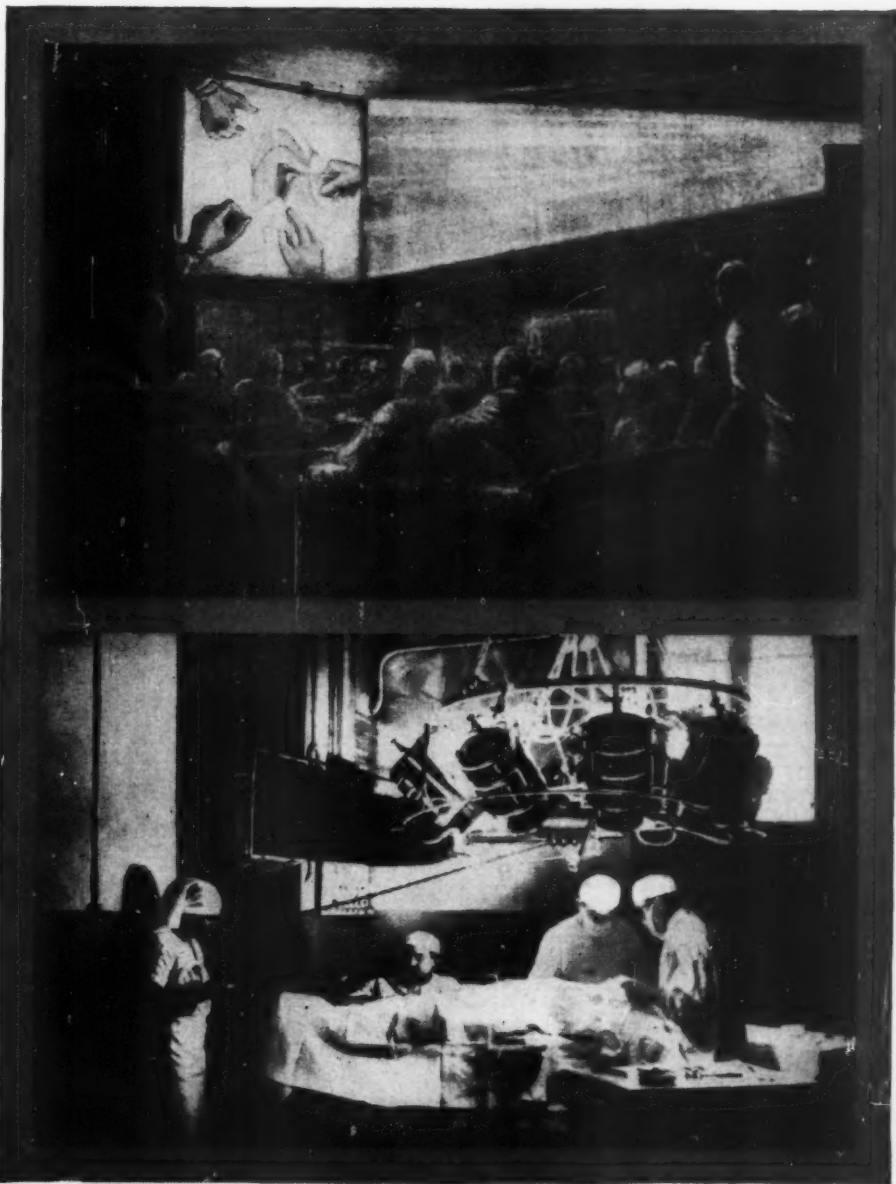
"One thing is beautiful to me, that though my personal life has become crushed and indifferent to me, I have not lost one little grain of my faith in the possible beauty and greatness of human nature, the divine beauty of perfect love, and of truth. I am so absolutely certain that the dream of the ideal of beauty and goodness is that towards which human nature is slowly moving. And life has been very, very beautiful. Even the power to bear and repress oneself is beautiful, if there is nothing else. And one's joy in nature and in trying to understand has been glorious; and I have had better and more beautiful friends than anyone in the world."

Apart from suggestions contained in her books and especially in "Dreams," the most coherent statement of Olive Schreiner's creed is that which she wrote in 1892 in a letter to the Rev. John T. Lloyd, Presbyterian minister at Port Elizabeth, South Africa. She says, in part:

"I have never been able to conceive of God and man and the material universe as distinct from one another. The laws of my mind do not allow it. When I was a little child of five and sat alone among the tall weeds at the back of our house, this perception of the unity of all things, and that they were alive, and that I was part of them, was as clear and overpowering to me as it is to-day. It is the one thing I am never able to doubt. . . .

"If you ask me what is my religion, it is hard for me to answer, because we human beings have not framed speech for the purpose of expressing such thoughts—but if I must put it into words I would say: The Universe is One, and, It Lives; or, if you would put it into older phraseology, I would say: *There is NOTHING but God.* . . .

"You ask me, do I believe in Immortality? I cannot conceive of either birth or death, or anything but simple changes in the endless existence: how can I then believe or disbelieve in Immortality in the ordinary sense? *There is Nothing but God!* If you ask me what is the practical effect of this feeling, it is to make all life very precious to me, and also to rob death of all its horrors."

Courtesy London *Sphere***PROJECTING A SURGICAL OPERATION INTO A SEPARATE LECTURE ROOM**

Showing the episcopes in operation at the Saint Louis Hospital in Paris. It enables the surgeon to work alone in a perfectly quiet operating room, and at the same time permits a large audience of students and professors to watch the progress of the operation in a distant auditorium. The episcopes is the invention of a young French doctor, M. Robert Thuilliant. Over the patient is suspended a battery of powerful electric lights, whose rays are focused on the field of the operation. A large prism bends the reflected rays down a tunnel connecting with the lecture room, and through a plano-convex lens on to the screen.

A Germ-Killing Elixir Safe to Swallow

Hexylresorcinol Is a New Boon to Mankind from Johns Hopkins

HAILED as a great discovery is that of an antiseptic which bears the formidable name hexylresorcinoland, made by Drs. Veader Leonard and associates at the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, at Baltimore, Maryland, in cooperation with Dr. Treat B. Johnson, of Yale, is described as being "twice as powerful as any other organic germicide ever made," yet perfectly safe to swallow — although "fifty times stronger than carbolic acid as a germ-killing agency."

The search for a germicide that could destroy all disease germs has been going on ever since the acceptance of the theory that germs were responsible for disease. With hexylresorcinol, Dr. Leonard believes, the span of life can be lengthened. "Disease germs no longer need remain entrenched in the human body, but can be cast out, one and all." So far the experimenters have had considerable success with their germicide in curing ailments of the kidneys, intestines and urinary tracts. They hope to demonstrate scientifically in the near future that other parts of the body can be as well cleansed of disease germs.

About ten years ago Drs. Leonard and Johnson began their experiments



© Bachrach

HIS DISCOVERY PROMISES TO LENGTHEN THE SPAN OF LIFE

Dr. Veader Leonard, of Johns Hopkins, is credited with finding a palatable germicide fifty times stronger than carbolic acid that restores health to diseased kidneys.

with carbolic acid, then known as the most powerful germ killer in existence. The only fault to be found with that agency was that when taken internally it killed man as well as germs. A large number of compounds were tested, and finally the doctors had successful results from one remotely related to the carbolic family. By changing the acid molecule slightly the acid was reduced to resorcinol, which happens to be as poisonous to man as the acid itself. But soon the doctors were evolving from the poisonous reduction the new germicide.

Dr. Leonard at first fed the antiseptic to rabbits. They suffered no ill effects, so he proceeded to take some himself. He was unharmed, and in a short time six of his assistants were taking hexylresorcinol daily in doses which constantly increased in size so that its effects on their bodies might be studied.

Finding that it had a beneficial effect on the kidneys and urinary tracts, the germicide was first applied to the treatment of kidney ailments. Cases of kidney infection of long standing were cleared up by the new agency in forty-eight hours. The doctors say that the cures appear to be permanent and the patients have not been harmed in any way.

Outwitting Fish Scientifically

French Savant Lists the Weaknesses of Finny Tribes

DON'T fish for men and expect to catch fish. This advice, in contradiction to the Biblical injunction, sums up the conclusions of L. Matout, assistant curator of the French National Museum, who has just completed the first scientific study of the ancient art of angling. As a fisher of fishes, M. Matout bases his strategy on the actual view-point of the fish, declining to endow the finny tribe of French streams with human characteristics.

Due to the structure of his eyes, the trout is able to see very little, certainly not an object so small as a fishline. But his second sight is very vivid indeed. In the practice of mental telepathy he can give any fortune teller all the aces and then beat him at his own game. If, in the course of millions of years of evolution, fishes ever should become highly intelligent beings, this "mental telepathy" of a sort would be their means of communication. The explanation advanced by M. Matout reveals why fishes don't have the same view-point as statesmen or mice concerning the fundamental problems of life.

In fishes, the sense of taste is not confined to the mouth, but extends to the sides of the head and body, we are told. The creature can even taste with his fins, M. Matout asserts in a Science Service report to the *Boston Transcript*. But he can't smell at all. Thus one of the fixed ideas of fishermen goes by the board—that of perfuming bait. M. Matout summarizes his conclusions that the fish sees little, cannot smell, probably hears as well as man, has a widely distributed sense of taste, and possesses, in addition, the "lateral line" sense which is practically unknown to man. It is through these senses that the creature will become conscious of danger. They are thus analyzed, with the object of perfecting fishermen in the art of disarming the intended prey:

1. Taste. Use as bait what the fish is accustomed to eating in the place and season. This, of course, varies and must be studied as a local problem by sharp observers.

2. Smell. Pay no attention to it.

3. Sight. Ordinary fishing tackle is invisible to the fish.

4. Hearing. Be reasonably quiet.

5. The "lateral line" sense. Here, M. Matout finds, is the real problem in fishing and requires considerable ingenuity in the construction and placing of line and tackle. In this respect the fish is extremely sensitive. He can detect even the slightest vibrations traveling through the water. Hence, to insure success, one must outwit the fish by reducing this vibration to such a minimum that it will not excite suspicion.

Doing this, M. Matout simply strings small leads along the line for such a distance as to keep it fairly stable in the water and collectively heavy enough to pull the floater down beyond the point where it will be agitated by wave or current. He wants the line to resemble, as far as possible, a rigid stick lowered into the water. In this case the vibration caused by the first insertion is all the fish is likely to sense in his lateral line organs. Listed are three elements which must be recognized and eliminated in the arrangement of the tackle; flotation resistance, resistance of friction and resistance of inertia. The first is accomplished well enough by sinking the floater. For the second it is necessary that the line be as light and fine as possible. Lines of horse-hair or fine steel wire are recommended to combine strength and fineness.

The fineness of the line, of course, has some effect on the resistance of inertia. But this is due chiefly to the sinker or sinkers. To overcome such resistance to displacement M. Matout recommends arranging the leads thus: the first twenty-five centimeters above the hook, the second fifteen centimeters

higher, the third ten, the fourth five, and others distributed according to this scheme until a sufficient weight has been attained to sink the floater a sufficient distance. The leads should grow proportionately heavier as the distance from the hook, especially if the water is slightly agitated.

"With a line arranged in this fashion a fish goes after his worm naturally. He does not feel the weight of the line nor of the tackle. He takes the worm in his mouth deliberately, hook and all, becoming more and more securely hooked all the time, his sense of feeling being simply a consciousness of resistance to displacement."

Making the Deaf Hear By Touch

An Amazing Instrument Sponsored by the Research Council

TO teach the totally deaf, whose cases have been pronounced incurable, to "hear" through the palms of their hands is the amazing purpose of an instrument invented by Dr. Robert H. Gault, professor of psychology at Northwestern University. The device has not yet been developed to the stage where it may be applied universally for the relief of deafness, reports *Popular Science Monthly*, but with the aid of the instrument Dr. Gault has succeeded in teaching five deaf persons to identify perfectly 15 sentences containing 90 one-syllable words.

The instrument somewhat resembles a telephone receiver, and operates on a similar principle to the telephone, except that, instead of carrying sound vibrations to the ear, it causes them to reach the hand or some other sensitive part of the body. It is necessary, then, for the person using the apparatus to recognize what speech sounds cause the particular vibrations he detects through his sense of touch. This is not easy, Dr. Gault says, yet it is scarcely more difficult than is the learning of



A BOON TO THE DEAF
Dr. Robert H. Gault, of Northwestern University, is shown here demonstrating the marvelous new instrument he has invented to enable the deaf to hear by touch. The receiving instrument (at left), resembling a telephone receiver, carries sound vibrations to the palm of the deaf person's hand or to some other sensitive part of the body.

what similar combinations of vibrations mean when they fall upon the ears of normal persons.

Some time ago Dr. Gault conceived the idea that the sense of touch might possibly be substituted for the lost sense of hearing. His invention has proved so successful in actual use by deaf persons that the inventor has obtained leave of absence from Northwestern University to perfect the apparatus under the auspices of the National Research Council.

Surprising New Facts About Hair

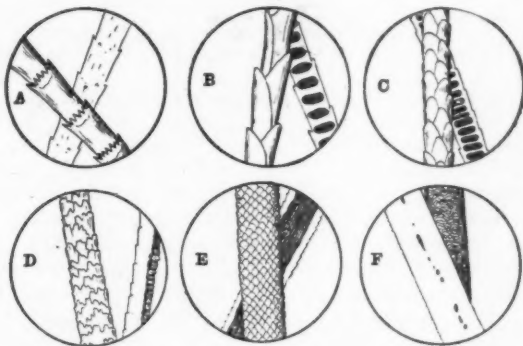
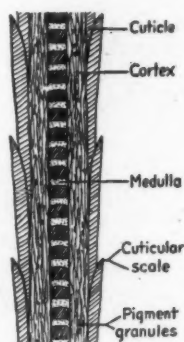
Microscopic Studies Reveal Unsuspected Hirsute Relationships

THAT each species of animal bears a kind of hair peculiar to itself is a classic assumption that has no basis in fact, asserts Dr. Leon Augustus Hausman, in the *Scientific American*, after examining microscopically a large number of hairs taken at random from all existing orders of mammals excepting whales, and from sixteen species of primates, representing the existing nine families of these animals. The statement also is made that some animal may bear upon the body hairs of several different types. This is true, for example, of the duck-billed Platypus of Australia and of the Spiny Anteater.

Of the elemental structures of a hair-shaft structure which are present in all hairs and between which comparisons can be made, first is the *medulla*, or pith of the hair, a central column composed of variously shaped and disposed cells or chambers, most commonly piled one above another like a pile of pennies. Second is the *cortex*, a clear, usually transparent substance surrounding the medulla and made up of elongated cells

sometimes referred to as hair spindles. Third is the *pigment granules*, to which the color of the hair is primarily due, scattered about, among and within the hair spindles and the medullary cells. Fourth is the *cuticle*, which is the outermost "skin" of the hair shaft and which is made up of thin scales overlapping each other like the scales of a fish or like the shingles on a roof. These thin, transparent, delicate scales on the outside of the hair are known as the cuticular scales, and present a multitude of beautiful forms.

Dr. Hausman, as a result of his exhaustive examinations, concludes that "the forms of the cuticular scales of hair bear a relationship not to species of animals, as was formerly supposed, but to diameter of hair shaft. That is to say, the coarser the hair the finer the scale. Fine hairs bear one type of scale, medium hairs another, and coarse hairs still another. As there are all gradations in coarseness and fineness of hairs, so are there all gradations in type of scales."



HOW THE EYE OF THE MICROSCOPIST SEES A HAIR

At the left is a cross-section of a hair, showing its various parts. The hair of a bat is shown at A and that of a golden mole at B. At C is the hair of a tree shrew, at D is that of a Madagascar ground-hog, and at E is a specimen from the American prong-horned antelope. F is the hair of a hippopotamus. The hairs are not drawn to size, the hippopotamus hair being over twenty times as thick, in reality, as the bat hair.

Affirming that the scale, character and the pith or medullary character are determined by the size of the hair rather than by the species of animal, Dr. Hausman does not deny that an unknown sample of hair, as, for instance,

from some commercial fur, can be referred to its source by microscopic examination. But "it requires a more or less complete examination of the unknown hair and a comparison of it with hairs of known origin."

Nearly All Potatoes Are Female

Government Experts Find the Male Element Mostly Sterile

THAT the common or garden variety of potato is almost exclusively female in nature is the conclusion of Drs. A. B. Stout and C. F. Clark, investigators for the Department of Agriculture. Potatoes have long been known to form flowers, as tomatoes and peas do, appearing to be of the same double male and female constitution of the latter; yet potato flowers rarely set true fruit enclosing seed as with tomatoes and peas. This failure has long been attributed to the growth of underground tubers which drew food from the aerial parts. That this is not the correct reason appears from the fact that potato shoots grafted onto the roots of non-tuberous relatives develop flowers that are no more fruitful. Moreover, in those few varieties that do

form seed-containing fruit it has been observed that tuber and seed formation go hand in hand.

Seeking the true cause of sterility in tubers, Drs. Stout and Clark found, as reported in *Science*, that the pollen is almost completely shriveled up and devoid of life in the great majority of potato varieties. Good pollen, capable of fertilizing flowers, is very rare. The female elements of the potato flower, however, do not share in this degeneration. When good pollen is used on a pistil almost all potatoes can be induced to form "balls" containing true seed.

Potato varieties have retained their femaleness and nearly lost their maleness, and if it were not for the lucky expedient of tuber production most varieties would quickly become extinct.

Making the Tapeline the Doctor

A "New" Science of Health Founded on Mathematical Rules

OUT of every hundred new-born babes in this country, eighty come into the world with perfect bodies. Only twenty are in any way defective. On arriving at adult age only twenty out of the hundred are normal in the matter of health. Eighty are defective, diseased or pre-disposed to ailments.

For forty years the eminent Italian physician, Achille De Giovanni, of the University of Padua, sought for a method by which this deplorable increase in defectiveness could be checked, and his success in diagnosing bodily ills

by tapeline measurement is now expounded by Dr. Philip Rice, Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, in a volume entitled "The Basis of Health."

Reminding us, in the *N. Y. World*, that most illnesses can be traced back to the period of childhood, Dr. Rice cites figures to substantiate the statement. For instance: The Surgeon-General of the United States Army, reporting the physical examinations of the drafted men of 1917, showed that of the 3,764,000 men who had been examined prior to Dec. 15, 550,000 were rejected as unfit during

the first examination, and the greater part of another half-million were rejected on re-examination. In short, twenty-one out of every one hundred were rejected as totally unfit for service.

These appalling conditions simply mean, it is emphasized, that prevalent ideas of child development and our general conceptions of health are, in a large measure, faulty. Dr. Rice argues that medical science has been made far too difficult and complex, and that there is nothing difficult or mystical about the principles of health; that, on the contrary, they can be worked out as easily and definitely as an elementary problem in geometry.

Dr. De Giovanni determined, in recording the fundamentals of health, the following measurements for a normally proportioned and healthy body:

"The stature, or height, must be exactly equal to the bi-lateral reach, that is, to the distance between the right and left fingertips when the arms are stretched apart as far as possible.

"The circumference of the chest, measured by passing a tape all the way around it, must be equal to just one-half of the stature or height.

"The length of the sternum, or breast-bone, must be equal to one-tenth of the stature.

"The length of the abdomen must equal one-fifth of the stature.

"The distance from the end of the sternum to the center of the umbilicus or navel, should equal one-tenth of the stature.

"The distance from the point of the crest of the pubic bone should equal one-tenth of the stature.

"The width of the pelvis should equal four-fifths of the total length of the abdomen.

"The length of the spine should equal two-fifths of the stature."

These, of course, are the proper measurements for adults only. For children they must be modified, according to age. The head of a new-born baby, for instance, is one-fourth as long as the complete stature; in adults it is only one-eighth. The child's upper abdomen is normally larger than either his chest

or his lower abdomen. But this condition must change as adolescence continues. The upper abdomen must shrink proportionately. If it does not, the individual will carry a distorted body with him even into middle age. The growth of every one of the child's organs cannot be watched and measured too carefully.

Another object of consideration in this new science of diagnosis by tape-line is the power of the individual's nervous system in relation to the size of his or her organs. A deficient nervous system in a large body causes sluggishness and backwardness. An over-vigorous nervous system in a small body causes over-activity, over-indulgence, and rapid wearing out of the organs. This condition is referred to popularly as that of a man "living on his nerves." How can the nerve-supply be measured? Simply, we are told, by comparing the bi-lateral reach with the stature. To quote Dr. Rice:

"If the bi-lateral reach is greater than the stature, the nervous system is highly or even over-developed. In children this denotes great activity of the mind, great sensitiveness. Such children are often encouraged to study too much, just because of their 'brilliance'; they are 'pushed' through school; they are fed with excitement. Such treatment of a nervous or 'erethistic' child is nothing short of vicious.

"If the bi-lateral reach is shorter than the stature, a sluggish, torpid nervous condition is indicated. In children, this deficiency of reach indicates 'slowness' or 'backwardness'; but they should not on this account be classified as 'sub-normals' as they so frequently are in the new psychological tests. They should merely be stimulated to action, and should be encouraged to take as much exercise as possible. With good breathing exercises and dieting, their deficiencies can easily be overcome.

"The negro usually has a reach far in excess of his stature; this accounts for the vivid negro temperament, for the negro invention of jazz. The Chinese, on the other hand, have as a rule very short arms in proportion to their height. This accounts for their calmness and placidity, for their predisposition to sluggishness."

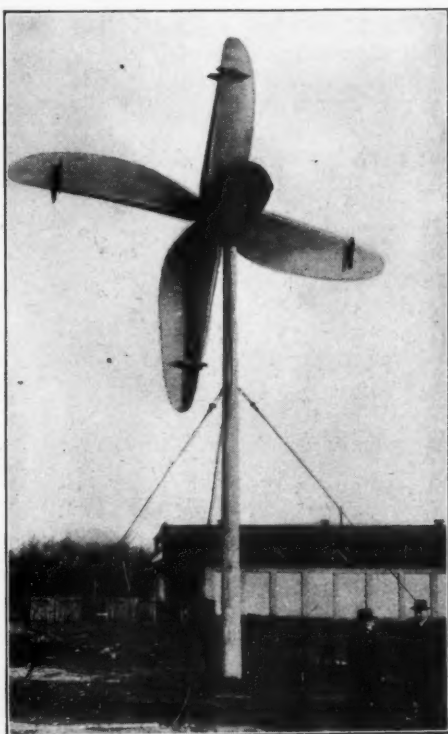
Now for the Aerodynamo Windmill

A Boon to Farmers, It Harnesses the Air to Electricity

AFTER the rotorship comes the aerodynamo. A German inventor, Kurt Bilau, has produced a new kind of windmill at the Göttingen Institute of Aerodynamics which its backers declare will provide the farmer at almost no maintenance expense with all the power he needs to run his stationary machinery and electric lighting circuit. The British Ministry of Agriculture has expressed a formal wish to examine the invention and it is said that eleven stations are operating already in East Prussia.

Herr Bilau declares to the North American Newspaper Alliance that scientific measurements show this device to be capable of generating exactly twice as much power as the most scientifically constructed windmills. The secret lies in the design of the four wings, which resemble somewhat two crossed airplane propellers. The development of the airplane in recent years has taught physicists so much about air currents and resistances that they are now beginning, as in the rotorship and the aerodynamo, to apply what they know in other fields and to harness the winds. In designing the aerodynamo, Bilau has taken full advantage of the suction force of the wind on the lee side of the blades, the peculiar importance of which has been learned through the development of airplane wing construction.

The Bilau aerodynamo, in the model shown here, is a three-ton structure, built upon a slender reinforced concrete 40-foot mast. The span of the wings is twenty-five feet. The head of the mast, bearing the wings and dynamo, is mounted on roller bearings which permit the blades to swing be-



© North American Newspaper Alliance

"TWICE AS EFFICIENT"

The aerodynamo developed by Kurt Bilau, a German inventor, which he claims extracts from the wind twice the horse-power of the most efficient wind-mill. The turning blades generate electric current directly by means of the dynamo at the mast-head. The breezes strike the blades on the side displayed in the photograph.

fore the wind like a weathervane. Thus they always present their face to the breeze. The rotating blades turn directly the shaft of the dynamo, so that the friction of a gear-transmission system such as the old windmill employed is eliminated. Wires convey the current to storage batteries in the vicinity. In a sixteen-mile wind the aerodynamo is said to generate sixty horse-power.

Inaugurating an Airplane Taxi Service

San Francisco Is First in This New Field of Transportation

THE Checker Taxicab Company of San Francisco announces that this month it will inaugurate the first airplane taxi service in North America. From now on any resident of San Francisco or vicinity "will be able to call 'Graystone 400' and be on his or her aerial journey to any point in California within 10 minutes."

The service promises to begin with nine airplanes. The landing field, sixteen miles out of the city, will be reached by auto service. From there Sacramento will be only one hour away, and Los Angeles four hours. A San Francisco business man, enjoying this service, will be able to breakfast at home, lunch in Hollywood, and attend the theater on the same evening in his home town.

Each plane will carry two passengers, a pilot, and hand baggage. With two passengers flying for the same destination, the rate per mile fixed in the prospectus of the company is twenty cents each, or five cents lower than the Cali-

fornia rate for long-distance taxicab service.

A special bid will be made for tourist patronage. Walter T. Varney, head of the taxi-plane service, says that in two days of flying over California the tourist will see more of the State than he could otherwise in 30 days. "In one hour we will be able to show the visitor everything to be seen in the San Francisco Bay area and in three hours we will be able to transport him over the heart of interior California and to Yosemite and back."

The aerial cab service is to be run by a company capitalized at \$500,000 which represents a consolidation of the Walter T. Varney airplane school and the Checker taxicab interests. All the planes are to be painted like checker taxicabs. In the prospectus of the company special stress is laid on the security of the service. Hopes are expressed that later the whole Pacific slope will be included in the airplane taxi service.

Debit Two Billions a Year to Insects

Colossal Destructiveness Is Reported by the Government

SCIENTISTS with visionary leanings have for years been warning the world that the human race may some day go down to extinction before the onslaughts of microbes or insects. That the ravages of insects are increasing is well known, and now *Science Service* estimates that their economic cost to the United States is two billions a year, or about \$20 for every man, woman and child in the country.

According to the investigators, man is himself responsible for the increasing losses suffered through insects. By the extensive and continuous cultivation

of the same crops, he furnishes the pests with a regular and bountiful food supply which nature does not normally provide. The eradication of weeds has driven the insects which once preyed upon them to attack cultivated plants. Above all, man's perfected means of transportation are rapidly disseminating all insects everywhere. It is said that more than half the destructive pests in the United States are of foreign origin. For example, the San José scale, first introduced into California from China, was carried across the continent in shipments of nursery stock to New Jersey, and thence has been distributed

to many other sections of the country.

Special emphasis is laid by the United States Department of Agriculture on the economic loss suffered by the country in the wanton destruction of birds, which are the natural enemies of insects and weeds. According to the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, one species of sparrow in Iowa alone consumes annually 875 tons of weed seeds. Twenty-five kinds of birds are known to feed on the clover weevil, and a like number on the potato beetle; 36 on the codling moth, 46 on the gipsy moth, 49 on horseflies, 67 on bill-bugs, 85 on clover-root borers, 98 on cutworms, 120 on leaf hoppers and 168 on wire-worms.

"Next to man himself," declares the Biological Survey, "the worst enemy of farm birds is the domestic cat. Storms also destroy a great many birds by cutting off their food supply. Protection against the elements can not often be provided for birds except where refuges or sanctuaries are maintained for them, but a protective public sentiment, supported by effective laws, will lessen the damage done by man and domestic animals. Birds may be still further encouraged and increased by the provision of food trees, such as the mulberry, which serve the double purpose of attracting them away from cherry or other fruit trees and supplying them with suitable food."

A Great New Seaport for Canada

What the Development of Port Nelson on Hudson Bay Promises

WHAT is to become of Canada? The *London Morning Post* treats seriously the prospect that western Canada will soon seek annexation to the United States; and spokesmen for the great wheat-raising provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, as well as for the less important maritime province of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, are frank in declaring that secession from the Dominion would bring their regions manifold advantages. Their ire is directed against the political ascendancy of the old, thickly populated, industrial provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and though the question of separation from the British Empire is not at present involved, sectional feeling is rife.

It is not generally realized that Hudson Bay offers to the wheat growers of Canada the prospect of a salt-water port close at hand whence they could ship their product to Liverpool. By 1918, according to Frank Bohn, in *Current History*, the Dominion Government had spent \$17,000,000 on a railroad from the Pas, in central Manitoba, to Port Nelson, at the mouth of the Nel-

son River. Only one million more was needed to complete the line and give the farmers a measure of freedom from the "greedy" bankers and merchants of the East. But this million was not forthcoming, and the road stretches north over the tundras uncompleted, the rusting rails symbolizing the thwarted dreams of farmers balked by the interests of Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. Deterioration is said to amount already to \$4,000,000.

The opening of Port Nelson would not only give an outlet to Canada's wheat crop, but would mark the inauguration of a new route between America and the Old World, the last that remains to be developed. It would permit the exploitation of the rich Hudson Bay fisheries, of the mineral resources in the neighborhood, and perhaps of the grazing lands of the Northwest Territory. It would probably divert a certain amount of tourist business to the Far North.

Montreal is 2,773 miles from Liverpool, and Port Nelson is no farther. The great saving would be in the rail journey for wheat shipments. Says Frank Bohn: "Wheat shipped from the

capital of Saskatchewan via Port Nelson would save 1,050 miles in transport; from the capital of Alberta, 1,150 miles; and from Prince Albert, in central Saskatchewan, 1,300." The Nelson River is not navigable, but its cascades are capable of generating 3,000,000 horsepower in electrical energy, and this might furnish the power for the wheat trains.

The battle over Port Nelson has revolved, at least superficially, around the practicability of navigation in Hudson Bay. Whereas Montreal is open seven months in the year, Port Nelson might be accessible only two months, though its promoters say five. The truth, as brought out in testimony before a Canadian Parliament Committee, seems to be that navigation could be depended upon from early in July till early in October, and that special ice-fighting craft might continue to ply until early in November. This season would suffice for shipping

a large part, though not all, of the Canadian wheat crop, provided sufficient trains, grain elevators and vessels could be mobilized at once and worked at top speed.

The United States cannot be indifferent to the fate of Port Nelson. If its opening up would save transport costs to the wheat raisers just north of the border, it would likewise provide a short cut to Liverpool for farmers in Montana, North Dakota and Minnesota. Whether the Canadian grain growers would be willing to share their facilities with competing farmers south of the border would probably depend upon the shipping capacity of the port.

The Dominion Parliament has thwarted its development because Ontario and Quebec, with seven millions out of the nine millions population of Canada, are the stronghold of the predominant Liberal and Conservative parties, corresponding to Democratic and



CANADA AS SHE IS AND AS SHE APPEARS

Canada, commonly thought of as a broad country stretching to the Arctic seas, is, so far as population is concerned, longer and narrower than Chile. The line-shaded strip on the map, running close to the United States border, contains virtually all of Canada's population. Port Nelson, on Hudson Bay, and the projected railroad leading thither from the wheat-growing regions, are also indicated.

Republican in the United States. They together now muster 169 members out of the total of 234 in the lower house of the Canadian Parliament. The Progressives, resembling the La Follette following in the United States, number 66. In the last two decades Montreal has sprung to first place among the grain-

shipping ports of the world, and it is to-day the second port in North America, handling most of Canada's wheat exports. Naturally, a legislature in which Montreal interests dominate does not sympathize with the aspirations of a competing port, and so the fate of Port Nelson still hangs in the balance.

Why Diamonds Remain Costly

It Is Because Their Production Is Severely Restricted

THE world's diamond industry is approaching a crisis. At the recent annual meeting of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, held in Johannesburg, South Africa, the chairman of this company expressed the fear that unless immediate steps are taken by all diamond-producing countries to limit their output, the market will be over-supplied and the world will witness the vulgarization of this gem.

The diamond industry is unique in that a limited production and controlled market are advantageous alike to the buyer and the seller. A restricted output, as the New York *Sun* explains, "not only does not hurt but may actually benefit the purchaser. As diamonds are hardly a necessity, no one is put to any real discomfort by a restriction on the quantity produced. Nor does the fact that the price of diamonds is raised hurt owners and buyers as a whole. Diamonds are desired because they are beautiful; they are also desired because their possession brings, or is thought to bring, a certain amount of social prestige to their owner. The prestige depends upon their expense, and if their prices were halved, each purchaser would simply have to buy twice as many to achieve the same effect."

The greatest diamond fields are in South Africa. Just as their expanding output was beginning to saturate the demand in 1913 and 1914, the World War arrived to relieve the situation by creating a market among profiteers and munition workers who for the first time

found themselves able to indulge in the extravagance of jewelry. The close of the War not only brought collapse to inflated industrial profits, but also flooded the world with the gems of the Russian aristocracy and the "new poor" elsewhere. To save their industry from indefinite depression, the "Big Four" producers of South Africa—the De Beers Consolidated, the Jagersfontein, the Premier, and the South West African interests—agreed to limit their output on a quota basis sufficiently to maintain the market price. And the result of this self-discipline has been that diamonds to-day are selling as high as at any time in the past.

The trouble arises from the fact that outside producers are profiting from the Big Four restriction at the latter's expense. The diamond fields of Portuguese West Africa, the Congo, British Guiana, and Brazil, besides the workings of some 7,000 individual diggers in South Africa itself, are turning out all the gems they can. At one time the demand fell so low that in order to maintain prices the Big Four had to shut down completely, leaving the field to their rivals. Their patience is approaching exhaustion. Threatening to cease "immolating themselves" for the benefit of competitors, the South African companies are now demanding a world conference of diamond producers with the object of limiting the world output and assigning quotas to the various fields. The Diamond Syndicate of London would serve as clearing-house for the world product.

Settling That French Debt Dispute

Records Show That Money Loaned Us Was Repaid

CONTROVERSY over the French debt to the United States has inspired conflicting statements from French and American politicians as to the circumstances surrounding the French loans to the Thirteen Colonies in the Revolutionary War and their settlement. The facts, embodied in the records of the Treasury Department at Washington, leave no room for dispute as to what happened.

The United States repaid, according to the terms of the loans, all the money it borrowed from France, but it never repaid a sum amounting to less than \$2,000,000 which the King of France gave to the struggling Republic out of his own pocket and which no French official has ever reclaimed.

Before Franklin reached France in 1777, the French Government, not yet prepared to alienate English feeling by recognizing the rebels, had furnished George Washington with \$200,000 surreptitiously through Caron de Beaumarchais, and an equal sum was supplied later through the same channel. The heirs of this noble later asked to be repaid, and after long controversy repayment was made in 1835 in full.

In 1778 France recognized American independence and advanced a loan of \$600,000. When Franklin asked for more a little later, the French Government's extreme financial difficulties rendered further help impossible, and it was at this juncture that the King came to American assistance, at first with \$1,200,000 and later with \$500,000. It was expressly stated that this money was a gift, and France has never asked for repayment.

Besides the loan of \$600,000 from the French Government in 1778, Franklin borrowed several millions from the Farmers General of France and elsewhere so that our total borrowings at the end of the war amounted to \$6,352,500, all of which was repaid according to contract in 1795.

In an official statement recently issued by the Treasury Department, it is stated that "the mutual claims of France and the United States have been the subject of several treaties before the parties, but no reference is found to any supposed debt to France originating in the support given by France to the United States in the Revolutionary War."

Ice-Houses Become Mushroom Farms

A Flourishing Industry Replaces One That Melted Away

FOR twenty years the natural ice business, once a prosperous and expanding industry, has been wasting away until to-day it can be said to exist no longer. Artificial ice has taken its place because of its cheapness, the dependability of the supply, and its superior cleanliness. Just as the old-time ice-houses—gloomy, dank structures of gigantic dimensions—were beginning to be torn down for old lumber, it was discovered that they would make excellent mushroom cellars, and

to-day many of the best preserved ice-houses in the Hudson River valley are enjoying a renewed lease on life.

Twenty-five years ago some five million tons of ice were harvested and stored along the Hudson River and near-by lakes and ponds every winter, says Austin C. Lescarboursa, in the *New York Times*. The industry furnished plenty of excitement and peril. We read: "Any of the old-timers along the upper reaches of the river, from Hudson north to Albany, can tell of

watching the river by day and by night when the thermometer dropped steadily below the 32 degree mark. No sooner was the river frozen over than these ice men would venture out on the thin ice in order to stake their ice claims. In order to control certain stretches of river, some ice companies went even so far as to buy mile after mile of land along the river, not much land, merely a strip one foot wide at high-water mark, which for the purpose of preventing access to and from the ice was effective enough."

About the time of the World War, someone discovered that the ice-houses, which were standing idle and gradually decaying year after year, could be converted into ideal mushroom houses, their thick double walls, sawdust insulation and heavy roofs being just what was needed. The mushroom market in

the New York area is said to be unlimited, and the biggest of the one-time ice-houses can produce a \$600 crop every day.

At the same time the mushroom business is attended with many difficulties. The cost of converting an old ice-house is considerable. It has to be cleaned of the *débris* of many years, rendered weather-proof, and equipped with heating and refrigerating plants which will maintain an all-year-round temperature of about 60 degrees.

The mushroom spawn, a whitish, silky substance that comes in bottles, is spread over the manure beds and then covered with an inch of rich loam. In six weeks tiny white specks appear on the surface; these are called "pin-heads," or baby mushrooms. A day or so later they have reached maturity and are ready for the harvest.

Exclusion Law Hits Passenger Liners

Steamship Companies Try to Raise Tone of Steerage

HAS America's post-war policy of immigrant exclusion struck the death-knell of the giant trans-Atlantic liner? This seems to be the case, according to Harold A. Sanderson, Chairman of the White Star Line, in the *Annual Review of Lloyd's List and Shipping Gazette*.

Journalists and specialists have written exhaustively on the economic, social and religious repercussions of the Immigration Acts adopted since 1917. Now their far-reaching influence on Atlantic shipping is becoming apparent. The passenger lines, especially those plying between the Mediterranean ports and America, built up their strength on their immigrant traffic. This has been abolished, and enterprising shipping men are seeking new ways to recruit passenger business. Already a special effort has been made on many boats to improve the third-class service and make it acceptable to students and teachers desiring a cheap holiday abroad. At least one vessel has been

given over entirely to third-class business, the passengers having the run of the whole boat. Says Mr. Sanderson:

"The restriction on the emigration movement has so reduced the volume of travel that, coupled with high building and operating costs, the building of further steamships of the monster type in the near future is rendered problematical. Steamship companies may be expected to watch closely developments in the methods of propulsion so that the best and most economical means may be employed; to restrict their building program to vessels of moderate size and speed, with a less ornate decoration of the public rooms; and, while maintaining the present standard of comfort for first-class passengers, to institute improvements in the amenities for second and third class.

"Thus it is hoped to develop a new branch of travel which will serve as an offset to some extent to the restriction of the emigrant traffic, viz., one constituted of people of moderate means, who wish to cross the Atlantic both for the pleasure of a sea voyage in a great liner and for the opportunity of seeing foreign lands."

REDBONE

Relating How Baptiste Became Papa Grabbo,
With a Vengeance

By ADA JACK CARVER

IT is lazy and sweet along the Côte Joyeuse and on into the piney red-clay hills—a land which for nearly four hundred years has been held enthralled by a river. And here among the whites and blacks there dwell in ecstatic squalor a people whom, in the intricate social system of the South, strangers find it difficult to place.

For although they may be bartered with, jested with, enjoyed, despised, made friends and enemies of—yet in the eyes of those born to the subtle distinction they are forever beyond the pale.

They are a mixture of Spanish, French, and Indian, and God only knows what besides; and along the Côte Joyeuse, a region given to phrase and to fable, they are dubbed "redbones" because of their dusky skins so oddly, transparently tinted. They are shiftless and slovenly, childlike and treacherous; and yet from somewhere, like a benediction, they have been touched with something precious.

Of this hybrid and tragic tribe was Baptiste Grabbo, planter, and his the story of a man who desired and obtained a son.

ONE summer morn at a peep-o-day hour this Baptiste set out for Natchitoches, riding his little red pony. His mission was threefold: first, of course, to get drunk; second, to make a thank-offering to his patron saint, whose business it was to look after him and who did it rather well, all things considered; third, in accordance with a custom that still prevails, to purchase in tribute a gift for his wife, who had been delivered of a fine and lusty son—a man-child born in the crook of a horned moon and destined for great good fortune.

THIS story, which has been awarded first prize in the third Harper short-story contest, is, in addition to its merit as a tale, distinguished as having been the first one to receive the unanimous vote of the judges, in this competition. The author, Mrs. J. B. Snell, of Minden, Louisiana, is a newcomer to the magazine field. In recommending this story for first prize, Professor Bliss Perry, one of the judges, appraised it as "Novel and rich in its setting and atmosphere and superbly dramatic in its close . . . nothing less than a masterpiece." Current Opinion is given special permission to reprint it from Harper's Magazine.

Baptiste rode hard, like a centaur. Above him the frail enchantment of budding clematis filled the woods with light and, reflecting on his fortune, he recalled complacently the insults and insinuations with which since his marriage his relatives had derided his childless estate. Bah! He would make 'em swallow their words, the

yellow chinquapin-eaters! He accursed of Heaven?

THE glory of fatherhood gave him a heart a-tune to the tumult of summer. There were flowers purple with adoration praying in the grass; wings brushed his cheek; and Baptiste, his mind still full of the night's travail, thought of birth. He thought of The Birth, and an immense and terrible holiness shook him as with an ague. Why, God was right up in that tree. God—benignant, amused. He could talk with God if he cared to. He spread his hands in a little prayer, like a child that laughs and prays. He was shaken and spent with rapture.

Conceive of Baptiste if you can: an uncouth, oafish little man, thin and pointed and sly; but with something about him grotesque and delightful, for all the world like a clown—something of quaint buffoonery that charmed little children, even the little boys and girls who lived in the fine old houses along the river front and walked abroad so sweetly with their nurses.

"Hi, Baptiste!" they would squeal when they saw him; "Howdy, Mister Baptiste!"

And then they would laugh with an elfin delight as if they shared some wanton secret with him. And their nurses—respectable, coal-black "mammies"—would pull

them away, disgruntled; "Lawd, white chilun, come along. Dat triflin', low-down redbone—"

BUT this heaven-lent quality, whatever it was, that endeared him to children caused the women of his race to stick out their tongues at him. His love tale, how for a fabulous sum he bought from her father the prettiest maid in all the Indian pinewoods, was the talk of a region already famous far and wide for its romance. Baptiste—through no effort of his own, of course—was rich, as occasionally redbones get to be when their luscious acres fringe the winding Cane; and the slim and blossomy Clorinda had pleased him mightily. She was a lovely thing with sea-green eyes and the chiseled beauty her women possess for a season; and Baptiste thought of babies when he looked at her—he who could pipe to children and trill like a bird in a tree. They would come one right after the other, of course, as was right for babies to come: brown little stairsteps of children.

He had even gone so far as to hail old Granny Loon one time as she hobbled past the courthouse; Granny who brought her babies in baskets (white ones and black ones and yellow and red ones!) and charged a fortune a day.

"Hey, Granny, what you got in there?" he wheedled in a voice that had the drawling music of the sluggish old witch-river. "You give him to me for my wife, old Granny. Yessir, we need us a son."

But Granny, disdainful, made no reply; and shifting her mysterious basket, passed with dignity down the shaded street. She could be high-and-mighty when it pleased her and, "blue-gummed" African though she was—and proud of her pure descent—she was by virtue of her calling above and beyond all race distinction. Granny Loon was dedicated, consecrated, sacred. But the greasy old mulatto women around their coffee stalls, who were shrewdly informed as to Granny's comings and goings, broke out into ribald laughter, shaking their fat gingham sides.

"Huh!" they snorted, "dat chile Granny got ain't fo' no ornery redbone. Dat chile is fo' white folks, yessir. Baptiste, he better go find his se'f one in de briar-patch."

He had swaggered away, Baptiste, pretending not to hear; but his face had burned and his heart had ached. Ah, but now he would show them. . . .

Baptiste, whose thoughts were pray-

erful if he but stumped his toe, had that very day taken up the matter with High Heaven. You slipped into the dim cathedral where God was all about you and your bony knees sank richly down into passionate crimson velvet.

"A son, sweet Saint. A lil' son. Send us a son, sweet Mother—"

And then to make assurance doubly sure, on emerging he had crossed two sticks to fling at a chance stray cat.

The creed of the redbone is past understanding: things vaguely heard and remembered; things felt and but dimly divined; superstitions drilled into him by the wrinkled old crones of his race. His religion is compounded of Catholic altars where candles burn through the thick dim smoke from the swinging incense bowls; of pinewoods tremulous like a sounding organ; of forest fires and thunders and winds; of fetishes against the powers of darkness; of a moon that comes up red from the swamp; of a wilful river that doles out life and death.

Sometimes when Baptiste lay prone on a hillside things came to him, ancient things, and he knew what people had known when the earth was young—something stirring in him that had swung a papoose in the treetops. Sometimes when the moon was thin and the cotton greening in the fields was beginning to square, something lifted his soul that had strummed a guitar under a lady's window. Sometimes when that same young moon had grown sullen with orange fire, sometimes when he lay on the hot black earth and heard the negroes singing, something ached within him like the curse of a voodoo witch.

HIS patron saint he had chosen for reasons best known to himself, not the least significant of which was the little saint's unobtrusiveness; for he was an ecstatic little blue fellow who lived in a niche of the church, in so dim and distant a corner that one might pray to him without exciting comment. The redbone, you must know, is secretive in matters religious; and pagan as he is at heart, is chary of dogma and fixed belief—his erratic worship being tolerated rather than condoned by the priesthood.

To this adopted saint, then, Baptiste told his beads, beseeching intercession: three masses a week, so many "Hail Marys," the Way of the Cross for a baby. Since he always returned from his orisons uplifted and slightly unsteady, Baptiste's

mysterious pilgrimages had provoked his relatives to what was to them an obvious and foregone conclusion: Baptiste was drinking and gambling awful! He had better stay home with his wife.

BAPTISTE, jogging the deep-rutted roads, suddenly laughed and smacked at his pony. Now that a son had been born to him he would pour the shining dollars into his little saint's outstretched paws, the little saint who had moved Heaven and earth in his, Baptiste's, behalf. And then across the young day's joy a wavering shadow passed, and then another. Bats! From the swamp near by. The creatures came flickering, velvet-black and crazy, with the uncertain, chittering, sweezy sound that their wings make in the air; and when Baptiste struck out to fend them off, one of the gibbety things fell to the earth, stricken. Aghast that he had unwittingly wounded the devil's own, Baptiste turned straight about, although fully two miles from home. The sweet havoc in his heart had chilled into dreadful foreboding—for what man in his senses would flaunt such disaster?

Could it mean that his child was ill, perhaps at this moment dead?

When he rode into the back yard he saw his wife's pink petticoat a-hanging in the sun. His throat was dry and parched as he opened the kitchen door.

Granny was in the kitchen, crouching over the stove and stirring a viscous substance in a kettle. Her sacred basket hung above her on a nail. Her snowy white head was bound with a red bandanna, and she wore a spotless apron in the pocket of which was a buckeye to ward off the dread swamp fever. From a cord around her neck hung a curious carved African stone that dangled against her breasts. She turned and squinted at him as he entered.

"The lil' feller . . . is he . . . do he still breathe? Answer me, old woman."

Granny shrugged her shoulders. Her scorn of men was instinctive, she who assisted them into the world and first clothed their nakedness. There was not a midwife in all that neck of the woods who could hold a candle to her. When not "waiting" on a woman she lived alone on the edge of the Indian pinewoods in a shack half hidden with splashy sunflowers. There was a rail fence around it and toadstools at the door; and in the back yard an iron pot that looked like a cauldron. She was age-old and deathless,

and all her movements were soft as if timed to the sleeping of children.

She gave Baptiste a mystic look; and then from above, down the rickety stairs, there sounded a thin little wail. Baptiste listened, woe in his eyes. It sounded so strange and so young.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he implored, "what was that?"

"De good Lawd he'p us," Granny answered, stirring and tasting, tasting and stirring. "Fo' shame, Mister Baptiste Grabbo. Dat up dere's yo' son, man, a-cryin' fo' his dinner."

"And her? Is she well?—Clorinda—"

HIS agonized eyes searched the old woman's face, but Granny was muttering incantations over her ill-smelling brew: runes for the newborn babe and his mother; spells against milk-leg and childbed-fever. It was a full minute before she turned to him her sybil face, wrinkled with a thousand tragedies.

"Gawd-a-mighty!" she grumbled, "how many time yo' come runnin' back to ask 'bout dat wife an' dat chile? How come yo' don't go an' git outer my way? I done brung a many a baby, to white folks an' niggers an' mixed blood too. But I ain't nebber seen no daddy take on like dat befo'. Nussir, not since I been bo'n."

She looked at him and relented. "Hey-law—wait, I go make yo' a cup—"

Baptiste sat down, still shaking, and Granny poured for him hot, black, comforting coffee. Behind her somewhere in the dim old house she heard a door open and close. But her gaze held Baptiste's eye.

"Now, go long wid yo'se'f, Mister Grabbo," she said when he had drained the last drop. "A fine strappin' son yo' got, an' yo' all a-tremblin' and shakin'. I oughter brung yo' a lil' ole puny gal. Now yo' go on to town an' git drunk like a man."

Baptiste stumbled out into the sunlight, his heart mounting again with the joy-giving warmth of the coffee. *Mon Dieu!* What a fool he was indeed! Well . . . It was broad daylight now, and in the brick courtyard he saw Olaf, his overseer, puttering around. Olaf was blond and giantlike, and although he had been but a tramp two years before when Baptiste picked him up in town to help with a big cotton crop, he had gradually taken the reins in his hands; and of late he flaunted a bullying, insolent manner that was like a slap in the face.

To-day, however, although Olaf's sullen

bigness oppressed Baptiste as usual, his heart at sight of the younger man turned over with pride of possession; and Baptiste felt suddenly sorry for Olaf. Olaf had no little son, no pretty wife and child.

"Hey, Olaf boy!" he called with gayety, "what you think of that baby, huh? You go and you tell that old granny in there to let you look at that child. You kiss him, Olaf—just once, mind. You go and tell 'em I sent you."

BAPTISTE passed through lanes that were dense with Cherokee roses, on down the road through the frenzied bloom of blackeyed Susan and bitterweed. And where the sinuous river begins to work its magic he saw the town, already asleep with summer. On the edge of the commons the breath of sweet-olive rushed at his lips like a kiss; and it is here that the road grows into a street, with quaint little sociable houses that squat on the sidewalk like children. The morning was lavish of sunlight that looked as if you could peel it up in thick yellow flakes, and as Baptiste jogged on into town his feeling of holiness grew, the feeling of brooding infinity.

He considered: Court was in session; along the narrow streets ox-teams were crawling and creaking, filled with niggers and country people "passing" the time of day; now and then some fine old carriage, drawn by satin bays, would permit him a glimpse of ravishing ladies in gay little flowered bonnets; around the hitching-posts on the river bank, where umbrella-chinas made pools of shade and the flies circled, drunken and sleepy, the planters had left their horses and mules; and bits of blue and orange and red flashed abroad in the streets. Baptiste sighed with a deep satisfaction. It was, indeed, a gala day in tune with his heart's own joy.

He left his pony in the shade and started afoot for the courthouse in search of his dear friend, Toni La Salle. For Baptiste had wisely decided that before he could quench his thirst his news must be told; and some one other than himself must be the bearer of it, to give it due weight and importance. Toni, who loved to gossip and whose mind was the mind of a child, must go and tell those women around their coffee stalls that Heaven had blessed Baptiste's marriage and had sent him a little son.

Baptiste, as he had expected, found Toni hanging about the courthouse, grabbing at stray tamales and running every-

one's business. He enticed the boy to the shade of a magnolia tree and stuck a hand in his pocket.

"Toni, my love, my son," Baptiste said, "I got great news for you. Out to my house we got us a baby—now what you think about that?"

Toni seemed unimpressed, but his shallow eyes wavered to the money in Baptiste's hand.

"A son, Toni. A man-child, mind, what Granny Loon bring in her basket. Now listen to me: you go spread the news and I give you this dollar. You tell all those women, and this money is yours. A son, remember, and not no girl. And listen to me: his mama's eyes, maybe, but a head like his papa's, Toni. Yessir, you tell 'em that my baby's his daddy's son from his head clear down to his heels."

Toni departed, enraptured; but he had gone only a few steps when Baptiste ran after him. "Wait, Toni my boy. Not so fast, not so fast. Now listen: my son he ain't no puny child. He'll make a big strap-pin' man. You tell all those meddlesome women my son he weigh ten pound."

AS Toni made his announcements, Baptiste behind the screen of magnolias witnessed the incredulous excitement along the coffee stalls; noted with joy the uplifted arms and rolling eyes of the gossipers. Well, by the time he had had a drink or two, he calculated, the news would be abroad and he could saunter forth to receive congratulations and the jests which the occasion demanded. "Papa" his friends would call him. "Papa Grabbo." How sweet, how delicious, how holy!

Baptiste ambled gaily through a swinging door and had a drink across a slick green counter; and then another and yet another. Like wine in your very soul it was to be a father, the father of a son. He wiped his mouth on a greasy sleeve and smiled. It was the practiced smile of aloof indifference that he'd seen upon the lips of younger papas. He felt waggish and tipsy. Bah—a son? It was two little sons that he had.

He emerged into the sunlight comfortably drunk, so that the world remained a crushed-strawberry pink.

The merchants down the street were lying in wait for him. There was something in the thought of Baptiste's being a papa that tickled their funny-bones—Baptiste a day-old papa and drunk, with money burning his pocket! A boat had come up the river from New Orleans only

the week before, and they had consignments to show him: displays of magnificent silks and shawls and fans and plumes from the East. But although Baptiste's eyes warmed to the sheen of the cloth, he refrained from buying. Nothing suited his mood. Silks and shawls were as dust—*Mon Dieu*—for would not moths corrupt them and thieves break through and steal? A jewel, the merchants advised him. A ruby, glowing with passion in the deep rich heart of itself. But Baptiste waved their gleaming trays away. Bah! A jewel he had given Clorinda the time his mare had a colt!

The merchants, shrugging their shoulders, fell in with his mood. A rosary, then, of amethysts, to kiss the holy hours into Heaven. Or a statue—see?—of the Virgin. A pretty gilded thing with the Child in blue, such a fat little kissable Christ. Surely this, this out of them all to commemorate Clorinda's motherhood.

BUT even this did not please Baptiste, although his fingers, tapered like a woman's, lingered adoringly on the Child's sweet china curls. Gold and frankincense and myrrh he would have laid at Clorinda's feet, mother of his son. He felt uplifted, eternal. A necklace of stars should encircle her throat and the moon she should wear for a halo.

He hunched his shoulders, inarticulate, he who could talk one language with his tongue and fifteen with his hands and eyes.

"Something . . . not to break," he besought them. "Something to set up in the parlor, maybe, like a what-you-call-'em. Something what my son can say: 'Look here, this here my papa he bought one time when I was born.'"

They brought forth glittering prised lamps and carpets splashed with huge roses. They brought forth a hand-carved "press"; they brought forth imposing family albums of elegant crimson velvet. But Baptiste gestured and shook his head.

"Something nobody ain't had," he insisted. "Something big and grand, like a organ, maybe."

"Huh, go buy her the church, Baptiste," one of the merchants suggested.

Baptiste's eyes, wishful and strange, turned to the ivied cathedral. His thoughts were still rapturous. Across the street, two by two, the nuns were pacing to prayers, and Baptiste's joy was tinged with melancholy for their pale, frustrated womanhood. By all the saints in Heaven, sweet

women like that weren't made to spend their days down on their knees!

And then somebody waved to him from across the way. It was Zuboff, of course, a distant kinsman, his thin little body in slim silhouette against a background of marble.

Baptiste gestured the clamoring merchants away and started across the street, swaying a little.

THERE had been an epidemic of yellow fever in Natchitoches that spring, a crawling, devastating thing that had licked up the high and the low; and for old Zuboff, the monument man, business was thriving and good. Baptiste saw that he was engraving cunning little names and dates on the surface of cold marble: "So and So; *Mort* such-and-such-a-date: Thy Will Be Done." To-day Baptiste was oddly aroused. Old Zuboff, his tongue in his cheek, wielded the mallet and chisel adroitly with tender caressing fingers. He looked up at Baptiste's approach and nodded hospitably.

"Sit down, Cousin, sit down," he invited, "right there on *Tante* Lisa's tombstone. Ah, Mister Papa Grabbo, well . . . what about that baby?" His tone changed and a craftiness caught in his hard little eyes. "Ah, Baptiste, sorrow we've had . . . trouble and tribulation. The Catholic graveyard is full."

Baptiste belched and spat at a date, 1852. "My son is a big fine child—" he began. But Zuboff cut him short, Zuboff the father of ten.

"Two dozen order for tombstone I got," he imparted, seeking without success to look lugubrious; "and all for the rich white folks. A new lot on hand last week too, Baptiste, what come on the boat from the city. Such beautiful granite, exquisite marble! Come with me, Baptiste, come, come."

In the rear of his shop, his holy of holies, Zuboff parted a curtain and with an air of solemn pride motioned Baptiste to enter. Within he displayed his masterpieces—two shafts with wreaths of lilies and with beautiful wide-winged angels. Passionately Zuboff ran his fingers over the hard white bodies. "Superb, Baptiste," he muttered, wetting his lips; "Cherubim, Cousin, and seraphim—" His voice sank to a whisper. "You hear 'bout them two nun what is sick at the convent? Well, then, who know. . . 'Tis good to be prepare. And only last night the priest he say—"

Baptiste's heart had turned over. He breathed heavy and hard in his throat. Cherubim and seraphim . . . they fell on his soul like music; they sounded like the glad hosannas that children sing at Christmas; they sounded like the holy joy of his little newborn babe. He thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as those angels. He gulped and aimed tobacco juice at 1852. Those po' sick nun at the convent—well, he was powerful sorry for them. But no, they could never sleep beneath these majestic wings. Not so long as he, Baptiste, had money in his pocket.

"Zuboff, I want them tombstone," he declared. He caught at the angels to steady himself, his throat burning, his eyes bloodshot. "I want 'em both, for me and my wife. Yessir, we got to die some day, same as them nun at the convent. 'Tis good to be ready, yessir, just like what you say. And you listen to me, Cousin Zuboff; you put this on one, like a poetry: *Clorinda, the wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son.*"

BAPTISTE, having emptied his pockets at the shrine of his patron saint, jogged out of town in the late evening sunlight. His babe's little cry, thin and strange, still echoed in his heart: and he felt that if he could sing it the sound would be like those young pale leaves on the quivering cottonwood trees. On the edge of the commons the Angelus caught him, dropping the Holy Trinity soft into the waiting stillness. Baptiste bowed his head and crooned a prayer. It was a prayer that was half a lullaby to the wife and the child of his heart, a plaintive maudlin lullaby as sick with love as the moon. . . .

His horse, head down, tail swinging, rocked him home. Sometimes—swaying and riding, riding and swaying—Baptiste would feel again the damp, velvet kiss of the bats. But he was too drowsy to care. When his pony finally nosed down the bars of the gate and wandered into the lot, it was nearly midnight. The moon had set and myriads of stars swam out into the heavens. The sky looked billowy, as if you could catch the corners of it and toss the stars around as in a net. Mosquitoes, thin and fierce, whined keen in his ear.

Baptiste slumped down from his horse and did not see the figure that slipped out the door through the shadows. He felt for the gate and stumbled toward the steps. Old Granny, according to custom,

was waiting to receive him and assist him to bed. She loomed before him, a shapeless thing smelling of paregoric. She helped him into the house and up the rickety stairs; and instinctively, her haughtiness gone, this mother of a race began to croom as she pulled off his shoes. A man, bah! They never grew up. They were all helpless babes in the cradle, to be comforted, petted, and nursed.

GRANNY lifted, half-dragged Baptiste to a featherbed in the corner and she paused at the door to look back at him—a little amusing toy of a man like she'd croom in Christmas stockings. He was muttering in his drunken sleep, something concerning angels and stars and cradles high in the treetops.

"De Lawd hab mussy on our souls!" she said as she closed the door. She stood there a moment—motionless, sad, peering before her.

Old Zuboff worked industriously on Baptiste's beautiful gravestones, concealed behind the curtain in the little back room of his shop: for Baptiste had insisted that his gift be kept a secret; only Zuboff was to know, and Zuboff's sons, until the monuments were erected and he could reveal them to Clorinda. Faithfully, zealously Zuboff worked, for even without the discount in courtesy due a kinsman, they would bring him nine hundred dollars in gold. Late every night old Zuboff worked, sawing and scraping and filing and chiseling until "*Clorinda*" took shape from the marble. "*Clorinda, the Wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son.*"

Three weeks it took to engrave them, and during this time Baptiste went back and forth from house to town like a shuttle, riding his runty red pony. He liked to loaf around Zuboff's shop and watch the old man at work. "*Clorinda, the Wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son.*" In truth, a poem in marble. He knew every stroke of the mallet, every delicate curve of the chisel. And as their beauty and dignity took hold of his very soul, he hinted to Zuboff, wistfully, that he would like to set the gravestones up as statues in his house. But Zuboff made fun of him:

"Bah! A graveyard Baptiste wants in his parlor! Look what a cousin I got!"

Often as Baptiste sat and watched old Zuboff work he would talk of his son, of the changed and changing ways of his household, of the growing demands of Clorinda. This and the other thing she

must have—lace for that infant, yessir, made by the nuns at the convent; a baby-buggy with canopied top, all silk and velvet and tassels, to wheel that child around in the yard same as if he was big-folks. Baptiste would grunt and throw out his hands, but in his heart he was pleased.

"Bah!" he complained, "a prince we got. Nothing ain't good enough. That baby he ruin me, Zuboff. He got to live just like a king."

The goings-on of Baptiste's family were, indeed, the talk of the countryside; living like big-folks, yessir, just because, with children as common as pig tracks, old Granny Loon had fetched 'em one po' lil' baby.

"Well, now, for suppose we do that way whenever we get us a baby!" women said to their husbands, rolling their eyes.

Baptiste's old adobe house, with its sagging roof and its paved courtyard in the rear, was hilarious night and day with relatives come to take potluck—like a party that would go on forever. And when at home, four times a day Baptiste made coffee and four times passed it around. Always wine a-flowing too, to pledge the young child's health. His male relatives began to view Baptiste with heightened respect and to ask his advice about corn and cotton and the raising of young pigs. But the female ones, as was the custom, ignored him pleasantly; and this, too, enchanted Baptiste.

"Howdy, Papa!" they would call, impudently. "Howdy, Papa Grabbo!"

And away they would bustle to talk with Granny of broths and brews and teas; of the merits of sassafras root boiled down to make the milk come fast; of this, that, and the other thing that women have always known.

IMPOSSIBLE to work. Out in the fields the darkies sang all day and half the night. And the place, despite its joyousness, was going to wrack and ruin because Olaf, the sullen young fool, was always a-fishing under a tree, seduced by the old witch-river. Time and again Baptiste made up his mind to bring Olaf to task; but he himself was filled with exquisite lassitude. And on those rare occasions when there were no petticoats about, the lure of the cradle drew him to sit and gaze at the baby, or sing his queer little lullabies, always about the moon—the great big yellow nigger-moon that rose up out of the swamp. . . .

Three weeks of this while Zuboff

worked: and then of a sudden, putting an end to festivity, August had come like a smothering blanket; and all the breath and bloom of summer had rotted to a stench.

On a certain morning during this month a log wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen set out from Natchitoches, toiling painfully over the rutted roadways where the weeds were rank and heavy with dust. Propped upright in the wagon were Baptiste's beautiful monuments, the lovely spreading angel-wings bulging in fantastic fashion under layers of cotton sacking. There were cloud shadows running far and sweet across the fields that morning, but no rain; and at noon, as the oxen grunted under a blazing sun, buzzards wheeled and floated against a sky that showed through the trees in splotches of hot hard blue. It was late afternoon when the wagon reached the Grabbo burying-ground.

Here Baptiste and Zuboff and Zuboff's sons got out and erected the shafts—the one on the left for Clorinda, the one on the right for Baptiste. "Like when you lay in bed," Baptiste insisted. For this would be their marriage-bed, eternal in the heavens.

THE burying-ground of the Grabbos is nearly a mile from the house in a secluded spot that the negroes shun on the edge of the Indian pinewoods: six bayberry bushes, three cedars; and among the tangled grasses many a Spanish cross. When Zuboff and his sons had gone, Baptiste spent an hour gathering branches of leaves and flowers and trailing honeysuckle. He found some old, old roses too, and masses of golden lovebine; and he made them into garlands and draped them over the stones so that they covered the wreaths and the angels and Zuboff's so-beautiful verses.

Finally, having looked upon his labor and seen that it was good, he sat down on a stump to make his plans. That night when the moon rode high, he decided, he would put Clorinda on the back of his pony and lead her across the cotton fields and up to the edge of the woods. And there he would unveil his shining tributes, unveil them of leaves and of flowers. It would be her first excursion since the baby came, and she would laugh in the mocking way he loved. And because she could not read, he, who knew them by heart, would recite the verses to her while she traced them with her finger: "*Clorinda, the Wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his*

Sen. He knew how her eyes would look, strange eyes that eluded you so that you had to search for them like flowers in the grass. . . . The moon would spill white magic. Who could tell but that here amid the dead she would give him of her love, she so stingy with kisses! She would be all in white; and as he looked at her he would see her head, Madonna-wise, haloed against the moon. . . .

And later, of course—Baptiste chuckled—in a day or so, perhaps, he would have all the relatives out to a gumbo-supper or something; and maybe he'd make 'em a speech!

Baptiste felt the need of coffee, thick and strong and black. He straggled to his feet and trailed along through the fields toward home. The sun had gone, raw and flaming; and already mosquitoes were stirring—great, filmy, floating things as they get to be in August. The cane-brake looked snaky and the bilious breath of cotton blooms hung low like a sickly incense. Baptiste walked slowly, dragging his feet. It was the season of three-day chills. When he reached home it was dusk.

OLD Granny was sitting on the gallery, alone with the baby. She seemed surprised to see him and a little anxious.

"How come yo' done come back fum town?" she wanted to know. "How come yo' don't stay all night at Zuboff's, like yo' say?" She squinted at him suspiciously and puffed on her corncob pipe. "How come yo' ain't gone an' git drunk, same as always?"

Baptiste smiled. One corner of his mouth turned up and the other down. "Where is the lil' mama?" he inquired. "What you got her a-doing now, old woman, with your hoodoo tricks and such?"

Old Granny looked at him, then veiled her eyes. She seemed withdrawn and mystic. Suddenly she spoke out, something indignant and venomous in her drawing, cool old voice. "Hit been mos' four week since dat baby come," she recited; "an' all dat time she a-pesterin' me to let her take a walk. Jest down by de gate. An' all in good time, I keep tellin' her. De ladies in town, dey minds what I say. Six week, an' den take a walk. But to-night . . . out she go. Jest like wild hosses was pullin' her."

Baptiste mopped his streaming face. The baby, naked but for a swab of flannel about his belly, lay on a pallet and stared at the moon. Now and then he squirmed,

with a quick little wrench as of pain. Baptiste regarded him anxiously. "The lil' feller . . . is he sick?" he asked, the ever-present fear tight at his heart.

"Colic," old Granny grumbled. "Dey all has de colic. Dem dat is hearty."

A SURGE of pride, intense, unreasonable, poured into Baptiste's heart: a nice healthy baby with colic. Well . . . he liked it that his baby was just as other babies. And then a hot resentment flamed within him, a primitive ache to hear his mate a-crooning over a cradle. "The lil' feller got colic," he grunted, "well, why ain't she a-singing, then? She belong here, where the baby got colic."

Granny grunted behind the cypress-vines and slapped at the flies with her fan. She looked like one of the fates sitting there, the old tragic one with the shears. She pulled herself up and suggested coffee, and creaked across the floor in her flat bare feet. But Baptiste shook his head. "I b'lieve I go find Clorinda," he said, dispiritedly. "I go find that baby's mama. He need her a-singing."

Down by the gate he looked. But no mutinous wife was walking in the shadows. The front yard was matted and rank with weeds, and the stench of the cotton blooms hung sickly sweet, head high. A plume of lilac brushed his face as if she had just passed; the pale mist of crepe-myrtle trees closed languidly about him.

And then, suddenly, Baptiste saw her through some bushes. She was stealing, gliding soundlessly (blood of an Indian squaw!). She wore something bright in her hair, something bright and festive like a star. She had on shoes and stockings.

He opened his mouth to call her, but as he did he saw that she was taking the path which led through the fields to the burying-ground; and a terrible thought came to him: had one of the niggers been spying? Did she know about the grave-stones?

She began to run—Granny was right—as if wild horses were pulling her. Baptiste, keeping to the trees along the river, followed draggily. In places the river was choked with scum and pinkish water-hyacinths, as if—with death in its heart—it had woven a shroud for itself and had strewn it with flowers. Above it hung an evil moon, a yellow witch in a mist that drew the cotton blooms unto itself and spilled them back to the earth. From remote and outlying cabins Baptiste

(Continued on page 509)



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

IF one were to take seriously all the critical jeremiads recently inspired by contemporary poetry, there would be reason to believe that the poetical renaissance which began with Edna Millay, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay and others, had run its course. This seems to be the pessimist's halcyon day. Last month we had H. L. Mencken "viewing with alarm," and now comes Conrad Aiken, poet and critic, who, in an article in the *Dial*, holds that American love-poetry, judged by such of it as appears currently in the magazines, is of a decidedly inferior sort—weak, sentimental, vague and silly.

But, since Mr. Aiken contends that there has been no first-rate love-poetry written later than the seventeenth century, the poets can perhaps face the situation with less self-consciousness. Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth each gave us a few poems which will stand comparison with Elizabethan love-songs, Mr. Aiken admits. With Tennyson the degeneration begins, until, by the middle of the nineteenth century, the tradition of the love-poem has lost its vigor.

Coming down to the present, Mr. Aiken singles out Sara Teasdale as our most accomplished emotional lyricist, and proceeds to make of her the target for his heaviest artillery. Most modern love-poetry, and particularly the lyric, both in England and America, has been the innocent sufferer from the Longfellow-Tennyson dynasty—an emaculate compromise between the ecstatic and the conventional. Yielding so much, Mr. Aiken warms to the attack:

"Sentimentality has been amusingly defined as 'other people's feelings'. More exactly it might be defined (aesthetically speaking) as the betrayal, on the writer's

part, of a greater intensity of feeling than his poverty of expression (prosodic and verbal) can express, or arouse in the reader. Miss Teasdale is conspicuously a victim of this error. One tires of her immensities, purities, eternities, vastnesses—her fondness for 'naked flames,' spaces, 'beyond the sun,' love, death, Beauty, windy graces, starry calls, cups empty or full."

And so one more delusion is shattered; the critical guillotine has fallen, and a popular poet has been stripped of her laurels. Fortunately, the verdict does not rest entirely with Mr. Aiken, nor with any of the literary headsmen. Realizing this fact, the editors of the *Dial*, to prove themselves graciously unpartisan, have permitted Sara Teasdale to plead her own case with a poem, which we feel may be as good an answer to Mr. Aiken's aspersions as any.

FONTAINEBLEAU

(Autumn)

BY SARA TEASDALE

INTERMINABLE palaces front on the green parterres

And ghosts of ladies lovely and immoral
Glide down the gilded stairs;

The high cold corridors are clicking with the heel-taps
That long ago were theirs.

But in the sunshine, in the vague autumn sunshine

The geometric gardens are desolately gay;

The crimson and scarlet and rose-red dahlias

Are painted like the ladies who used to pass this way

With a ringletted monarch, a Henry or a Louis,

On a lost October day.

The aisles of the garden lead into the forest,

The aisles lead into autumn, a damp
wind grieves;
Ghostly kings are hunting, the boar breaks
cover,
But the sounds of horse and horn are
hushed in falling leaves,
Four centuries of autumns, four cen-
turies of leaves.

Domestic problems have always been
pretty much the same down the ages, as
this amusing bit of special pleading in
the *N. Y. Times* pointedly proves:

XANTIPPE

BY EDITH WILNER

IF you had worked all day with river-
rushes and sand,
Scrubbing the atrium,
And cleaning between the tiles of the im-
pluvium,
And coaxing fresh air and sunshine
through the compluvium,
And then a mere man,
In the name of Philosophy,
Came in from the agora
Without even wiping the mud from his
sandals,
And refused to eat his dinner while it
was hot—
Perhaps you, too,
Would have brightened up the corner
where you were
With a few scintillating remarks!

Very little poetry is being written
these days in ballad form. So it is par-
ticularly satisfying to encounter such
a capital piece of craftsmanship and
human insight as the ensuing, from a
new poet, whose first book, "Ropes and
Thread," has just been published in an
attractive format by the Mosher Press:

SILVER SLEEVES

BY MARY ATWATER TAYLOR

SHE was a queen with silver sleeves and
ermine,
And she wandered in the stately castle-
wood,
She was a dryad and a forest-shadow,
—Lovely, not good.

She was delicate and fine and haughty,
She hated ceremonies and she hated things,
She was a thread of pale-curbed passion,
—She was the King's.

The wood re-echoed to her mocking laugh-
ter,
She struck her maid and kissed her falcon's
head;
"Oh, I am sick of courtiers and of manners
God knows!" she said.

"May the King perish on his latest hunt-
ing,
The castle burn, the banners cease to
flaunt,
Courts choke to death and vanish. A
butcher
Is what I want."

* * * *

A poacher strode through the castle-wood,
He was a thick-necked bully and a liar

The queen with silver sleeves laughed
gently;
—Her eyes were fire.

"Hither, lout, and cease your clumsy kneel-
ing,
I am done with courts and all the silly
play,
Stop your staring and your stupid smirk-
ing . . .
Take me away."

* * * *

The yokel took her. Many years have
passed them.
He is still a savage, huge, unspent;
He hates this life with her he cannot
fathom . . .
—She is content!

Tucked away among the news columns
of the *Chicago Daily News*, we come
upon this spirited piece of light verse,
which holds its own with the product
of more experienced pens:

THE SIBYLLINE SAXOPHONE

BY ROBERT J. CASEY

WHEN Sal-man-azaar brought the cap-
tives into Babylon
The brazen gates were shining in the
hot, still morn,
And the Babylonish cookies
And the bashful Bash-Bazukis
They ranged the hanging garden stairs
and hooted of their scorn.

And they hooted their hoots on the silver
flutes
And they whanged the steel guitar,
And they carped their carps to the Irish
harps
And the venomous rhamazar.

In Babylon, in Babylon, a mad magician
 bode,
 He heard the captives weeping as they
 staggered down the road.
 He caught the maiden's crying, and he
 caught the mother's tears
 And wove about them all a charm to last
 8,000 years,
 He bound them in a silver horn, each sob
 and sigh and moan,
 And meshed them with the echoes of the
 plaintive saxophone. . . .
 The plaintive saxophone, tra-la, the plain-
 tive saxophone.

Bang the cymbals! Ping the lyre!
 What's this great big town afire
 Smoking fit to blot the sun?
 Don't you know? That's Babylon!
 Cyrus ripped it, pave to scarp,
 'Cause he didn't like the music of the
 Irish harp!

When Joshua came marching down to Jer-
 icho—
 The town of walls that Jeri built, so
 tall and stout and grand—
 The soldiers of the nation
 Plus the female population
 They just trembled to the message of
 his military band.

And they tried to compete with a trum-
 pet's bleat
 And they mobilized their zithers.
 But the walls of the town came a-tumbling
 down
 And their harps were smashed to smith-
 ers.

What stirred the men of Joshua to do such
 deeds of valor?
 What gave the folks of Jericho their fine
 unhealthy pallor?
 The Jerichites they played their harps to
 stop the wild confusion.
 The Josh-u-ites played saxophones—just
 draw your own conclusion!

Picking up A. A. Milne's recent vol-
 ume of child-verses, "When We Were
 Very Young" (E. P. Dutton), one
 thinks immediately of Stevenson and
 Lewis Carroll and prepares for disap-
 pointment. Hasty judgment in this
 case leads one astray; the book is
 a thoroughly charming "garden" of
 verses, drolly illustrated by Ernest H.
 Shepard, who is as necessary to the text
 as Tenniel to "Alice in Wonderland."

The rhymes are all about a certain
 Christopher Robin and his small
 friends. To produce a volume of child-
 verse which never becomes patronizing
 or mawkish is an achievement. Grown-
 ups will, we imagine, find as much en-
 joyment in these whimsies as Mr. Milne
 did in the writing. Here is a poem
 from the collection:

THE FOUR FRIENDS

BY A. A. MILNE

ERNEST was an elephant, a great big
 fellow,

Leonard was a lion with a six-foot tail,
 George was a goat, and his beard was yel-
 low,

And James was a very small snail.

Leonard had a stall, and a great big strong
 one,

Ernest had a manger, and its walls were
 thick,

George found a pen, out I think it was the
 wrong one,

And James sat down on a brick.

Ernest started trumpeting, and cracked
 his manger,

Leonard started roaring, and shivered
 his stall,

James gave the huffe of a snail in danger
 And nobody heard him at all.

Ernest started trumpeting and raised such
 a rumpus,

Leonard started roaring and trying to
 kick,

James went a journey with the goat's new
 compass

And he reached the end of his brick.

Ernest was an elephant and very well-in-
 tentioned,

Leonard was a lion with a brave new
 tail,

George was a goat, as I think I have men-
 tioned,

But James was only a snail.

The sonnet that fades out with a sus-
 pended chord, leaving the reader in a
 sort of twilight zone where all moods
 are subdued, may be a thing of beauty
 in the hands of such accomplished
 workers as David Morton, for example.
 But there are other notes to be struck
 in the sonnet—full, resonant and arrest-
 ing. Here is a dramatic poem whose

cumulative effect gathers to a stirring climax in the last line. We quote from the Sunday Book Section of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*:

ON COMING TO AN END

By GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

NOW for all time I am absolved of haste;
My days of quietude shall never cease;
For that long task that was my spirit's waste
Is finished, and its absence shall be peace.

I shall no more bewail my foiled endeavor,
Nor mourn the work undone, the time misspent.
Morn's trumpet call nor twilight flute forever
Shall lure my feet the restless road they went.

Gone are consuming hope, the smoldering fires
That love and sorrow fed within my breast;
I have no sting of failures or desires;
I fear no evil, and my way is rest.
—As thus I boasted came a low voice that said:
"Though these be true, why boast of being dead?"

Treated in a slightly more sentimental manner, this poem, from the N. Y. *Sun*, would have dropped into bathos. As it is, the quality of pity is not strained, and there is a telling sincerity throughout.

TO RODIN'S STATUE OF AN OLD COURTESAN

By GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN

LEAN, shrunken limbs that were so finely formed,
Poor sagging breasts so meager now and gaunt,
Grim, withered cheeks and eyes so piteous,
What is your want?

Is it a veil to mercifully shroud
Not shame but only beauty dispossessed?
Lift up your head and meet their staring scorn
Who have not guessed

Of ecstasy like yours, who have not fought
The tug of human passion that you knew,
Nor felt the urge that dragged you to the depths
And blindly slew.

I only know the beauty that once lived
Part of your flesh; the courage and the fire
Within your eyes; the vast, stupendous force
Of your desire.

I still can feel the swiftness of those limbs
Too fleet for timid ways; I see the line
They missed, hair breadth, it lies between
The human and divine.

Sit not as though in shame before their eyes,
So great but so misguided in your rôle,
And when I pass look up that I may see
Your splendid soul!

Poems that carry the mind on beyond the page margin to a conclusion unresolved in print need not always be charged with a labored obscurity. Simply and with a keen asperity these lines tell a story worth following to its end. We quote from the *Bookman*:

SPECKED APPLES

By EARL DANIELS

BECAUSE he had been taught that waste was sin,
Each autumn, after fruit was gathered in,
He'd say, whenever someone started down
The cellar stairs for apples—with that frown
Between his eyes that augured for the worst—
"Be sure now that you take the specked ones first."

So when the slow months yielded way for spring,
And promises of fall began to bring
New color to each age-greyed apple tree,
With last year's barrel yawning emptily
His family found that all that winter through
Specked fruit had been the only kind they knew.



IT may be that the cross-word puzzle craze is on the wane, but there is an anonymous addict out in Kansas whose enthusiasm has reached the front pages of the metropolitan dailies. William Allen White is a fighting politician; he is also vigorously opposed to this popular verbal pastime, nor has he been chary of expressing his views in the editorial columns of his newspaper, the *Emporia Gazette*. What happened recently to this militant corn-belt philosopher may have something to do with a pronouncement published in the *Gazette*, wherein the public was informed that the familiar little checkerboards would never appear under his masthead. Revenge is sweet; and so we witness a Great Editor thoroughly and heartily peeved. Straight from the inner sanctum comes this whiff of brimstone:

Last week the *Gazette* owned a good dictionary, a Cruden's Concordance and a Holy Bible. First the dictionary went. Then the Bible disappeared, and now the Concordance is gone.

For 30 years these books or their honored predecessors have been mainstays of the office, second only to the foreman and the devil. We wish no one any harm who may have them. A man who will steal a dictionary is enterprising and there is hope for him. A man who will steal a Concordance is a hair-hung and breeze-shaken sinner who is dancing on the sulphurous fumes of a four-letter word meaning Otawa, Kan.

But a human Billy goat who will calmly walk off with a Bible for no nobler reason than to get aid in solving cross-word puzzles has a vacuum where his brains were, garbage can where his heart was and is also a cross between a five-letter word meaning civit cat and a fighting word

meaning a number of unpleasant things. But if he will return the Concordance he can keep the other books and may he be six-letter-worded, meaning-fried-in-his-own-grease in his use of them.

Even the English papers have their "colyumists' colyums." From the London *Morning Post* we take these amusing examples of "English as she is wrote":

In the station yard at Shinbashi, Tokyo, some years ago, a forwarding agency's office bore the following alluring invitation:

"Leave your baggage with us and we will send it in every direction."

In the side-streets, respectively right and left, two milliners' shops were distinguished by the announcements:

(1) "Clothing of woman tailor. Ladies furnished in the upper storey."

(2) "Respectable ladies have fits upstairs."

But the laugh for such involuntary perpetrations is not wholly against the Japanese. On the notice-board of a local chapel at Leatherhead, in Surrey, the public were one day greeted with the information that

"On Saturday night, at 8 p. m., the annual potato-pie supper will be held. The subject of the sermon on Sunday morning will be 'A night of horror.'"

While round the corner, past the Swan Hotel, a newly-decorated restaurant was adorned with the legend:

"To cyclists and photographers. Try our 1/8 luncheon. A dark-room is provided for developments."

There is much good sense and good fun in the observations of S. F. Horn, who presents a sort of weekly vaudeville in the *Southern Lumberman*. A few flashes from his pen follow:



THE CARTOONISTS TAKE A PEEP AT THE
PRESIDENTIAL HOBBY

A Washington architect wants to remodel the Capitol so as to give the Senate chamber an outside exposure. There are some critics of Senatorial procedure who think that a little inside exposure would be equally desirable.

The ex-Kaiser, it is reported, recently took part in some amateur theatricals. Probably he sang "Ain't Going to Reign No More."

An enthusiastic editor in Paris says that France owes the United States a debt she can never repay. That confirms the worst fears of our bankers.

That airplane driven by a steam engine, recently invented by a Frenchman, ought to create a good market for asbestos umbrellas.

Don Marquis, whose views on life and religion receive serious consideration elsewhere in this issue of **CURRENT OPINION**, is at the same time the most elusive and industrious of men, although he is always preaching truancy and the virtue of a *dolce far niente*. On the authority of his publishers, we are told how Marquis has managed to maintain his reputation as a hermit. He has taken a small office in the Forties and furnished it with a desk and two chairs, one for himself and one for his

secretary; few know the address and no one ever calls. Here he informs us of the doings of Archy, Aunt Prudence

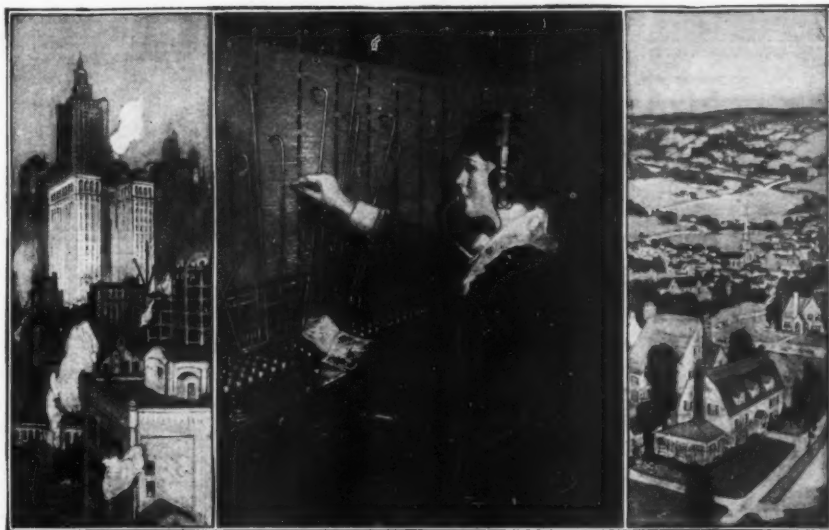
Heckleberry, the Old Soak, Captain Fitzurse, and the rest of his inimitable crew. While writing plays, poems and books of burlesque, Marquis can still crowd his column in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* with a wealth of interesting ideas. These sage sayings seem worthy of living longer than the average newspaper hour:

The world does not altogether object to reformers. It objects only to reformers who try to reform the world instead of reforming themselves.

Every time some highbrow critic lays down the law some lowbrow artist steps on it.

The human race is capable of the most extraordinary loyalty to unrealities. Otherwise there would be no professional politicians.

Incident to the President's iron steed, *F. P. A.*, in the *Conning Tower*" (*N. Y. World*), announces that the ladies of Washington are also going in for electrical hobby-horses. Which inspires a new slogan: *Volts for women!*



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FINANCE & INVESTMENT

THE growing world-mindedness of Wall Street has been strikingly evidenced in a variety of ways during recent weeks. American financial headquarters have been thinking more and more in terms of the world's needs, and their increasingly receptive frame of mind has been rewarded by business opportunities from near and far.

World-mindedness, financially, on the part of America, richest, strongest and most stable of nations, was inevitable. It is good to see it coming so quickly and intelligently. It is a fine development in which all our people may take pride. It implies a point of view in investment matters not bounded by one's own parish, but extending help wherever help is needed and deserved. For many years London had almost a monopoly on this sort of world-mindedness, and our financial people looked across the Atlantic with admiration and envy at the skill with which the British bankers attracted most of the international financing to their imperial capital.

Now we are learning to emulate them successfully, so successfully that a Briton remarked the other day with sad facetiousness that, "The Bank of England nowadays is only the London branch of the Federal Reserve System." It is not a mere picturesque overstatement; there is a substratum of truth beneath it. The strongest financial institution in the world is the Federal Reserve System, and if need arose the Bank of England could well lean upon it; may, indeed, have done so already without the general public getting wind of it.

Our world-mindedness would not be possible if only our leaders were convinced exponents of it. When the pub-

lic holds back from investment of funds in distant places, their leaders lead in vain. But our people have been showing an increasing tendency to interest themselves in the development of far off enterprises and rich, unworked foreign fields, and many recent events have fostered this disposition.

First of all, it is not without satisfaction that we find ourselves in a pivotal position—in spite of our protestations—with respect to that gigantic job of re-financing Europe, which is summed up for the sake of simplicity and brevity under the designation: the Dawes plan. We started it. Everybody else had tried and failed. Our scheme appears to be succeeding. We are properly gratified at our success. Of course, ours has been merely an "advisory" share in the proceedings. Nevertheless we have recently agreed, with our late associates in conflict, to the settlement of our claims against Germany by way of the Dawes plan.

The Federal Reserve System, through the Bank of England, can in case of need take care of any small flurry there might be in the British Isles over the resumption of specie payments and the return to full gold basis, which is likely to occur this year, unless Parliament passes an act preventing it or continuing the present somewhat equivocal status of the pound sterling beyond the statutory limit of December 31, 1925. The chances are there will be no flurry, no rush to exchange paper pounds for gold. The British have grown accustomed to the use of paper currency in the years during and since the war, and probably they will show the same preference for carrying paper money, rather than heavy metallic pieces, which is shown by our own people, especially if



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So that can almost be put aside as finished business. With Britain restored, (though burdened still with a back-breaking income tax which cannot be reduced for years to come), and with the Dawes plan countries convalescing, our thought naturally turns to France. Here we have had recent exciting chapters, gestures of repudiation of the debt by irresponsible persons, loudly applauded in the French Chamber of Deputies; a reprimand to an aged and extremely able ambassador and his retirement in favor of a younger envoy to Washington; contradictory statements by various ministers with respect to France's debt and whether or not it is political; and, in general, the fullest and frankest discussion the French nation has been privileged to hear of their actual fiscal position. As the New York Times says editorially, at last French politicians have given up talking of "formulae" and like evasions of the

ALBERT GALLATIN, American statesman and financier, was Secretary of the Treasury from 1801 to 1813—a very difficult period in the history of this country—serving in the cabinets of both Jefferson and Madison. He also served as one of the American peace commissioners who signed the Treaty of Peace with England at Ghent on December 24th, 1814. As head of the national treasury for a dozen years he won a high reputation for financial skill, due in large measure to his loyal adherence to the sound fiscal policies of a great financial leader—Alexander Hamilton.



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difficult subject of budget balancing. At last the lid is off, and the French people seem in a fair way to find out where they really stand. Once that is accomplished they can be depended upon to do something about it, but the situation had to become rather grievous and dangerous before the politicians would take the risk of dealing candidly with the unpopular subject. The repudiation talk aroused angry echoes in Congress, including a demand for an embargo upon commercial loans to France. In fact there was effective an embargo for two or three months, but at the present writing, assurances having been received of France's renewed intention to pay her debt to the United States, the embargo is off, and various bond issues are in prospect.

Meanwhile, it is gratifying to note that the government of the Argentine has made plans to extricate itself from a currency crisis, and that those plans involve depositing in New York a series of large gold purchases, against which to issue gold-secured peso notes. The

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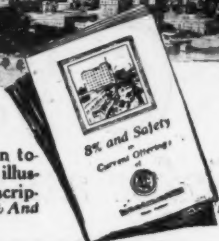
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currency shortage, thought to have been caused by Argentine crops being held unusually long before being put on the market, suddenly became acute. And the unusual expedient of setting up a gold reserve in another country and issuing gold-secured paper money against it was hurriedly adopted, rather than to risk the long delay that there would be if gold were shipped all the way from New York to Buenos Ayres.

Still another recent instance of New York's new importance in international finance, is the group of Japanese commercial loans that appear to be headed for our markets. It must be admitted that the Japanese companies in question are thought to have applied originally to London for accommodation. They were informed, however, that there was not enough money available to take care of "major needs," and they were referred to bankers in New York. For some time to come London money will just about suffice to care for the needs of the British Isles and her Dominions overseas. So the Japanese emissaries are trying New York.



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Notwithstanding the devastation and loss resulting from the earthquake, Japan's credit is extremely good, far better than many of the European nations. Her industries have shown remarkable ability to recover ground lost because of the earthquake. Many of them are being developed along strictly American lines. A writer in the New York *Times* reports that some of her hydro-electric installations could be operated in the United States.

"Foremost in the list of prospective Japanese commercial loans are some for the rapidly developing hydro-electric industry. A \$15,000,000 loan for the Toho Electric Company, a subsidiary of the Diado Company, which some time ago obtained an American loan, is expected to be the first publicly offered. Loans are sought for Japan's manufactories of matches, toys and novelties, and for the silk industry.

"Many European loan seekers have come into Wall Street's offices to ask for loans of almost any amount and at almost any interest. Not so Japan. While urgently needing new capital, the potential borrowers are setting their own figures, both as to interest rates and amounts of the loans. The commercial borrowers of Japan are said to measure up fully to the trading acumen shown by representatives of the Japanese government in 1924, when, at favorable rates from bankers they obtained a reconstruction loan far above expectations. This loan was offered and sold to the amount of \$150,000,000 of bonds."

Recently the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York made a list of all American commercial loans to foreign countries in the period from 1919 through 1924. At the beginning of 1925 the total was about four and one-half billion dollars. Last year Canada was the largest borrower in the American market, with 250 millions. Japan came next with about 200 millions. Then France and Germany with approximately 150 million apiece, followed by Argentine and Belgium with around 100 million each.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies at the end of February was persuaded by M. Theunis, the premier, to authorize an additional 100 million-dollar Ameri-

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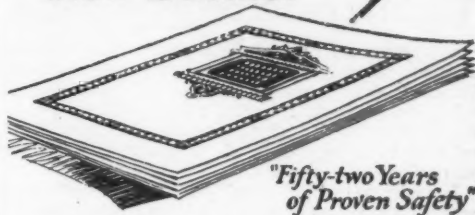
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can loan. "The rate of interest, though high," he told them, "nevertheless is favorable, and is one-half of 1 per cent. lower than on the loan granted previously to France. In that country the last internal loan was issued at 8 per cent., the rate obtained by us in the United States. Therefore it is rather favorable than otherwise. We are now engaged in an effort," he explained, "to create an atmosphere of confidence which will restore our credit. It is too soon to think of deflation."

Half of the proceeds of the loan are to be used to redeem war compensation bonds already in circulation, one-quarter is to be applied to public works in the Belgian Congo, and the remaining quarter goes to cancellation of floating debt. The loan as a whole is thought likely to improve the general monetary position in Belgium. Great satisfaction is felt in the fact that the Belgian franc has been saved from complete devaluation, the budget having been balanced and danger of further inflation having been removed.

All this activity in the field of foreign financing, flattering as it is to American prestige, seems only a feeble effort when it is compared to the gigantic volume of internal American financing. Not only did the average price of fifty representative stocks reach the high level of all time one day toward the end of February, but coincidentally the bond market has been displaying the enormous absorptive power of the American public.

A total of 88 millions in bonds of various domestic types were offered one week, and 75 millions the next, and so on, without any apparent limit to the capacity of the people to purchase them. In fact the total of bonds sold during one recent week reached \$141,400,000 including all classes, public utility, foreign, state and municipal, railroad, industrial and farm loans. This record inspired Preston S. Kreeker to say, in *Commerce and Finance*: "It is evident that neither the heavy gold export movement, nor the extended rise in the stock market, nor the growing diversion of funds into business have impaired the buying power of the bond market."



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THE Bell telephone people are at it again. "America's millions of people must have at their command means of direct and instant communication," so runs their advertisement, "and the Bell System must ever be in tune with the demands of national service." And therefore a half-billion dollar increase in capital stock is called for in the report to the stockholders just issued, an increase which will in all probability be granted, an increase needed to supply the sort of telephone service America's millions demand—and are getting.

The telephone people have so remarkable a record of growth and achievement ever since their first beginnings, that this latest stride, or rather this latest contemplated stride, will not, perhaps, excite the wonder and admiration it properly should excite. We are accustomed to fabulous telephone statistics, and the miracle of the telephone is grown a somewhat dusty and humdrum miracle. After all, with the telephone instrument most of us live upon the same familiar terms as with our wives, except that we praise the telephone less often and growl at it rather oftener. Seldom do we regard it with attentive, studious interest. We are about as likely to bend an intent scrutiny upon the backs of our own hands as upon the little unobtrusive black instrument upon our desks and library tables. It is too much a part of us, nowadays, not to be taken for granted.

When, in consequence, the telephone company issues such a report as the one Chairman H. B. Thayer has just put out, and you realize that this is the greatest public service institution in

the world, you are apt to rub your eyes and look again, and this time with perhaps a trifle more respect for the device which conveys your personality across cities and across continents.

Mr. Thayer's report is addressed to the company's 345,000 stockholders—a fairish audience. It should be of almost equal interest to a far greater audience, the eleven million Bell subscribers and the four and one-half million Bell-connecting subscribers. They are not part-owners, as yet, like the stockholders; but they are participants in the benefits derived from this wisely and brilliantly conducted business.

Chairman Thayer's report informed his stockholders that the company's directors deemed it advisable to increase the authorized stock capitalization from a par value of \$1,000,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000. When, as and if this recommendation is accepted at the annual meeting, it will constitute the second large increase in authorized capital stock within two years. Shares authorized were raised in 1923 from a total of 750 millions to a billion. Now they are likely to go up to a billion and a half. It is colossal, but it befits a company engaged in the greatest construction effort of its tremendous career.

With a capitalization of a billion and a half, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company will take rank as far and away the leader over any concern, foreign or domestic, which may be compared with it. That is to say, whose stock has a market value above par! A. T. & T. shares are quoted in the market at around \$135, and if this market value could be maintained on the proposed total capitalization of a billion and a half, it would mean that the stock



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would be worth more than two billion dollars. There is no danger that the announcement of this proposed stock increase will demoralize the market, however, inasmuch as the report distinctly states that no additional stock issue is contemplated this year.

At the moment there is outstanding an actual share total of nearly nine hundred millions. One hundred and nine millions of additional stock might be issued, if the company saw fit, under the present authorization of a billion dollars. For almost any other corporation this margin might seem ample, but the telephone company does everything on an unprecedented scale, and the directors thought the margin inadequate. Here is what Mr. Thayer wrote in his report:

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some future date, if and when it shall be found desirable, it is recommended that the authorized share capital stock of the company be increased from \$1,000,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000 at the forthcoming annual meeting of the stockholders. No new stock offering is contemplated for 1925."

One of the astounding things about the telephone company is that the huge issues of stock and bonds which have been offered every year since the war, far from depressing the market, appears to have enhanced the value of the company's shares. A comparison between the American Telephone & Telegraph Company's stock capitalization and other outstanding industrial giants will be instructive. The subjoined table is taken from the New York Times:

Company	Stock Outstanding
A. T. & T.	\$890,942,500
U. S. Steel Corp.	869,809,300
Standard Oil of New Jersey .	707,828,925
Pennsylvania Railroad	499,296,400
Southern Pacific Railroad ...	372,380,900
New York Central Railroad..	327,986,900
Union Pacific Railroad	321,845,100
Canadian Pacific Railroad ...	260,000,000
Great Northern Railroad ...	249,478,250
Standard Oil of California ..	235,324,250
Atch., Topeka & Santa Fe R.R.	232,463,000

What becomes of all the money which 345,000 stockholders and a great number of bondholders have poured into the telephone company? Most of it has gone into "net plant additions." Nearly three hundred million dollars, or virtually one-third of the total stock outstanding, went into net additions to plant last year. And the company's budget calls for the expenditure of approximately the same amount this year. The A. T. & T.'s outlays upon net plant additions are believed to be the largest made by any corporation for this purpose. In the last twenty years they have totaled two billion dollars. In explanation it is remarked that no corporation has ever had to meet such demands for service, especially since the war.

A good business year always means a good telephone year, because the better business is, the more frequent the subscribers' demands upon the tele-

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phone. Notwithstanding the fact that 1924 was relatively inactive as a business year, compared with 1923 for example, the average daily exchange and toll connections were 45 millions, a seven per cent. increase over 1923. Nearly a million new subscribers were added. There is now one Bell or Bell-connecting telephone station for each seven of the total population of the United States, and these approximately 16 million telephones are interwoven by about 40 million miles of wire, 67 per cent. of which has been put under ground. The whole vast system is maintained by a force of 279,659 employees.

Out of net earnings last year, after the payment of 9 per cent. dividends on the capital stock, a balance of 17 million dollars and over was transferred to the company's remarkable surplus, which is given in the report, as of December 31, 1924, as \$127,253,578.

The subjoined section of the report, dealing with income, operating expenses, taxes and so forth, will be of interest to every one who has had to

make out an income tax statement. Think of paying \$50,000,000 in taxes!

"The income statement, with inter-company duplication excluded, showed total operating revenues of \$657,588,849 and total operating expenses of \$466,614,275. Taxes amounted to over \$50,000,000. Interest charges were \$41,531,071. Dividends paid amounted to \$82,602,906, leaving a balance of \$24,642,642.

"Surplus earnings, together with the funds made available through charges to expenses for depreciation, have been invested in the telephone business and have thus reduced the amount of new capital which it would otherwise have been necessary to obtain from the public.

"The total assets at the end of the year were \$2,664,194,546. The funded debt of the system increased only about \$72,000 during the year, while the capital stock, including instalments, increased approximately \$202,000,000. Of this increase in the capital stock, more than \$163,000,000 was in the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the remainder being in common and preferred stocks of the associated companies outstanding in the hands of the public."



What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

(Continued from page 482)

could hear low snatches of song, and he knew that the niggers about the place were sitting in their doorways—half naked, and half asleep, and half crazy with the heat and the cotton scent. . . . Now and then there was chanting . . . and stealing shapes in the fields; for there is a night life that goes on among negroes as it does among beasts and insects—creatures that see in the dark and prowl and flit. . . .

Baptiste now saw Clorinda flash through the sugar-cane patch on the edge of the burying-ground. He stole after her. Her slim arms, out-straying to the brambles, had a soft expectancy about them—Madonna-arms, rocking. There was hidden joy in her swift sure flight.

And now, ten feet away, white against the cedars, white against the bayberry bushes, white against the roses of the dead—Baptiste saw her go into Olaf's arms. The moon was a lover's moon by now, beginning to float and run; and in its path they stood with the soft breast of a pine tree pushed against them. They were just in front of the garlanded monuments, standing on the place that would yawn some day to receive unto itself sweet human flesh. . . . And it seemed to Baptiste's fevered gaze that one of the terrible angels was holding a flaming sword above their heads. . . .

He sank down presently upon the trunk of a fallen cedar, a movement that made a swishing sound like a wood creature stirring. He felt cold under his shirt, benumbed. He didn't know how long he had been sitting there when Clorinda stole away. . . . Once he had heard Olaf say, "To-morrow night . . . if he goes to town, you come to me. Get away from that old hag of a granny. I'll be waiting, girl, same as always." The sullen insolent voice of Olaf the tramp. Baptiste got to his feet and straggled to the house.

THE following day Baptiste spent off in the woods and fields, making arrangements, perfecting his plans, a terrible woe in his eyes so that he had to return to the house at intervals and drink coffee, heavy and strong and black. During these intervals he avoided the baby—the little son that his saint had sent. And whenever it cried, Baptiste in agony would put his trembling fingers in his ears. 'Cose now, he conceded, the little saint had managed as well as he could; the little blue saint in the grotto whose business it was to look after him and who did it rather well, all things considered. Take those grave-stones, for example: they, or one of them,

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CURRENT OPINION

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would come in pretty handy; and who but his saint, with foresight rare, had led him to erect them? . . . But now, of course, there was business to do. And he alone must do it; a duty inevitable, according to his code.

Clorinda? . . . He shrugged his shoulders and dismissed her. She was after all a woman, a young woman and a fool. A few drinks and a few "Hail Marys" and he could in time forgive her. He even felt a certain sorrow for her, so radiant she had been. Well, she would say (she and Granny) that the river had swallowed Olaf—he was always slipping his evil body deep in its bilious slime. And Granny would remind them of what people have always said: that when a stranger drinks of the waters of the Cane he can never leave the land of Natchitoches. Yes, when they went to look for Olaf they would cross themselves and lament that the river had swallowed him up.

At twilight the heat was intense; and the big sullen moon, shoving a dusky shoulder over the edge of the swamp, brought with it a desperate booming of bullfrogs. The baby was fretful again, but now Clorinda sat on the gallery and held it in her arms, her eyes brooding dark in the gloom.

Baptiste got up presently and yawned, and moved off into the shadows. He slipped through the fields and was first at the tryst. And when he saw Olaf coming he stepped out into the moonlight with something hoofed and horned and forked about him. . . .

THE Indian in Baptiste performed the deed with neatness and dispatch, so that Olaf for an instant knew only a face before him—high cheek bones, thin straight lips, and comic eyes that were sad. The Spanish in Baptiste dug the grave and the French tossed a rose upon it.

But the something unaccounted for that made him what he was sent him dragging back to the house, his face the color of leaves. Clorinda had gone to bed and had taken the baby with her. But old Granny was waiting for him behind the cypress-vines. She peered at him out of the darkness. "Lawd-a-mighty, man," she said, "I 'spec' I go make yo' some coffee."

Baptiste gave her a faint smile and his familiar hunch of the shoulders. But his voice when he spoke had lost its music. It was the old flat voice of despair.

"I thank you, Granny Loon," he said; "but me, I b'lieve not to-night. Not nothing, if you will excuse me. I feel—" He touched his stomach—"I feel . . . moved inside myself."

Above him down the rickety stairs there

sounded a little wail—thin and strange and very, very young.

IT is lazy and sweet along the Côte Joyeuse and on into the piney red-clay hills; for Time has been kind to Natchitoches. At the Resurrection season every year an Art Colony descends upon it with pallet and brush to paint its decaying witchery against the glory of massed crêpe-myrtles. There are little shops along St. Denis Street where you can buy flamboyant postcards, stating in wreaths of roses "This is the land God remembers."

How beautifully, indeed, He remembers! . . . A church still reaching its golden domes to the blue, wide summer sky; a river no longer willful since the Chamber of Commerce, smugly entrenched behind wrought-iron balustrades, has diverted its meanderings and confined it into a lake. "The Beautiful and Damned," as the young artists call it.

The town itself looks on at all this pleasant exploitation like a little old high-born exquisite lady laughing up her sleeve. . . . At certain seasons of the year the breath of sweet-olive still blows delicately.

On a dewy summer morning the great bell in the doomed cathedral, having just come back from Rome, began to toll. There were numbers of cars parked along St. Denis Street and in front of the courthouse where, if you be so minded, you can still loaf and invite your soul. And people drawled to one another, "Well, I wonder who's dead."

A few of the idly curious about the coffee stalls began to count the strokes of the bell: "Thirteen . . . fourteen . . . fifteen—"

Now it is said that for each of these mellow golden dropping balls of sound (you can count up to twenty between them) you must pay one good dollar bill. Take a rich man, now: when he dies, say the wise ones, the tolling is greatly prolonged. Occasionally, if the deceased be poor, a hat will be passed around among his relatives, who contribute to the tolling-fund according to their pockets, the generosity of their hearts, and the amount of family pride they possess.

"Twenty-two . . . twenty-three . . . twenty-four—"

The loafers around the coffee stalls were becoming elated now. They began to speculate, "What you bet? I bet you the Mayor's dead."

To one side of the courthouse, in the shade of a giant magnolia, there was a little group of boys sitting astride a barrel and being cleverly painted by three



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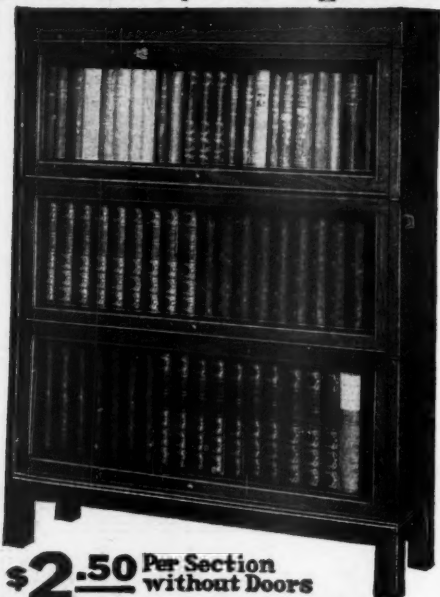
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young ladies in knickers. They were stunted, tragic-eyed little fellows, and curiously apathetic. But when the bell stopped tolling they crossed themselves and looked at one another in awe. "Heylaw, well . . . she's gone," they said. "Old lady Grabbo's dead."

Old Baptiste had passed on in the same manner many years before.

Up in the lazy red-clay hills the relatives had been gathering for hours to the bedside of Madame Clorinda (such was her title among them!). They came, some of them, driving shiny new Fords; others, whole families together, creaked along in wagons behind under-sized scrawny old horses. Out at the Grabbo house everybody kissed everybody else and whispered a mournful eagerness: "She's sinking. Yessir, the doc he says that she can't last out the night."

But the bloated old creature was three days a-dying, a death like that of a princess. And during this time of her soul's travail she talked incessantly of the monument which, it seemed, had been erected for her long ago in the family burying-ground. Her dim thoughts, fitful and already strange with eternity, were full of it how that her husband, himself asleep this many a year, had bought it with his own in Natchitoches; how handsome it was, so that people used to journey miles to see it; how that every Sabbath afternoon she had walked through the fields with bouquets of cape jasmine to lay among the grasses and buttercups.

THREE days of this, and then she lay ponderous in death; and according to her dying wish, word was dispatched to town to have the bell tolled sixty times, once for each of her years. Two at her head and two at her feet the tall white candles burned, while outside in the soft air that was languid and sweet with summer the negroes began to sway and rock; and her relatives, standing about in store-bought clothes as if bid to a marriage feast, drank coffee and said among themselves it had been a most beautiful passing.

And then something happened. There came riding a man on horseback. He was a distant cousin and he was one of the gravediggers, it seemed. His clothes were caked with mud, and buttercups stuck weirdly in his hair. He looked frightened (Holy Mother preserve us!) and he said that in digging the grave of the deceased beside that of her husband, in the Grabbo burying-ground, they had come upon a human skeleton cradled in what remained of a hastily-made old yellow-pine box.

FMD

